

# THE LEISURE HOUR

An Illustrated Magazine  
FOR HOME READING



This number contains two serial stories, HIS POOR LORDSHIP and A TANGLED WEB; articles on VERESTCHAGIN and his work; LITERARY GLASGOW; OFF THE BEATEN TRACK IN LONDON; BOOBIES, by Frank T. Bullen; SHAKESPEARE AND PURITANISM; and many other interesting subjects, with FIFTY-EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS.

HERBERT RAILTON 1904.

JULY 1904

Bouyerie  
London &c

SIXPENCE



Daintiness  
Itself. . . .

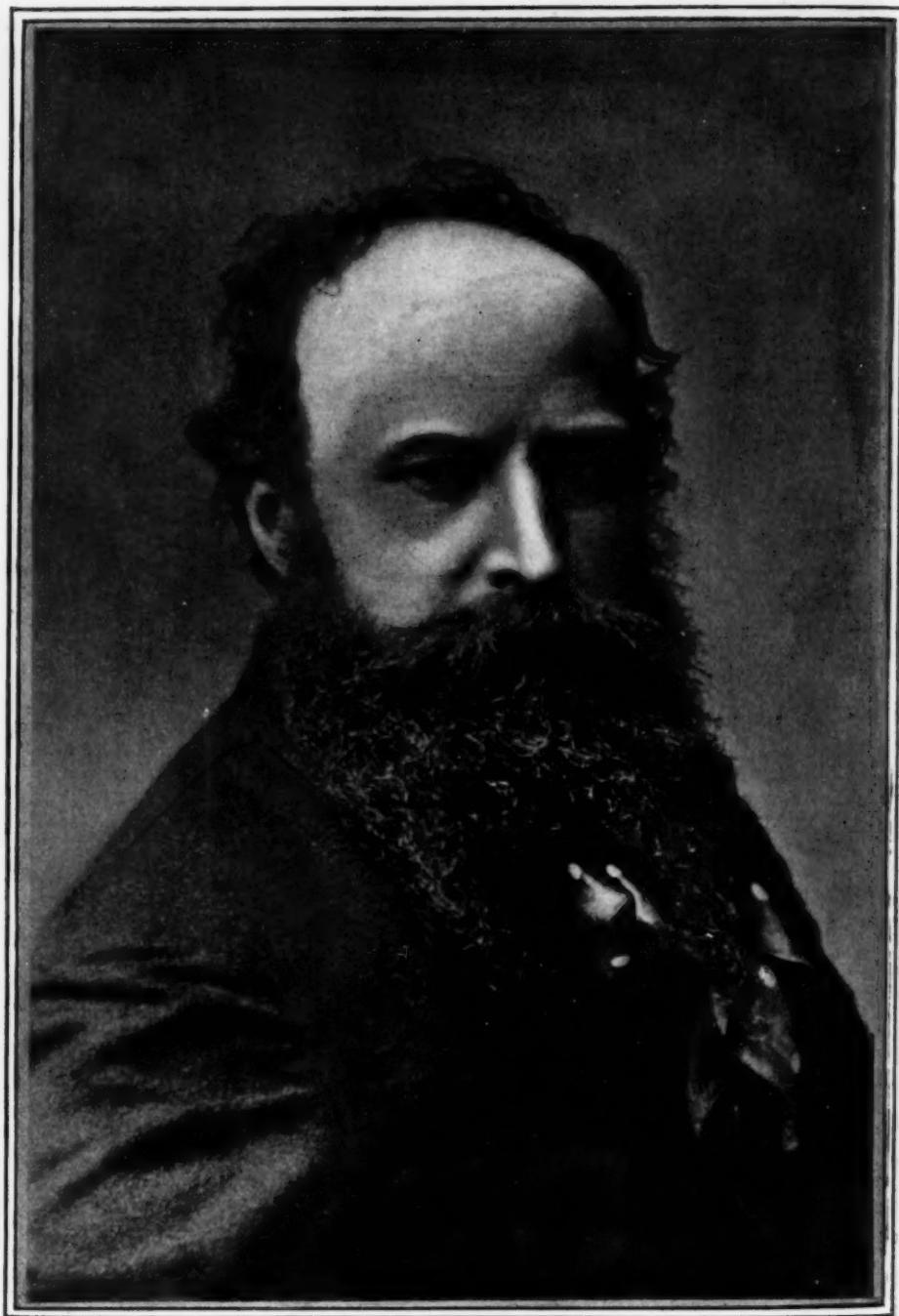
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VASSILI VERESTCHÀGIN

## Vassili Verestchàgin

BORN 1842. WENT DOWN WITH THE *PETROPAVLOVSK* 1904

BY A. E. KEETON

VERESTCHÀGIN is perhaps the one Russian painter who may be said to have attained international fame. By a terrible irony of fate, he, who specially devoted his career to the revelation of the horrors of warfare in all their gruesome nakedness, lost his own life in one of the most tragic incidents ever brought about by the ingenuity of man for the

beginnings of every movement in art are usually of a tentative, hesitating nature. Thus the career of most of Russia's distinguished artists for several generations has been preluded by a kind of struggle into their proper callings, in spite of opposite, incongruous circumstances. And, oddly enough, their ranks have been filled chiefly by recruits from the law courts,



MOSCOW AND THE KREMLIN

wholesale carnage of his fellow-beings. It is a remarkable coincidence, too, that Verestchàgin began his life as a servant of the navy, and at sea he was destined to meet with his destruction. It was only at the dawn of the nineteenth century that Russian art began to show signs of becoming an appreciable, and above all a national factor. Once the seeds of this promising development had been sown, they fructified with amazing rapidity, and in less than fifty years Russia could boast of possessing her own distinctive schools of literature, music, and painting. The

the army, or the navy. In each case the enthusiasm of the amateur has gradually shaped itself into the strenuous and definite purpose of the professional. Though in Verestchàgin's case the term "gradually" is hardly applicable, since he essayed to be both sailor and painter at the same time. From the age of eleven he began almost simultaneously to follow the separate curriculums of the St. Petersburg Naval Corps and School of Design. But he left the navy for the Academy of Arts when he was seventeen, and two years later this institution awarded him its silver medal

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TARTAR COSSACK (CIRCASSIAN)

of rapine and bloodshed. Tolstoy's great novel, *War and Peace*, which came out as a serial during the years 1865-69, is also said to have strongly influenced Verestchàgin. But whereas the writer, with characteristic reserve, rather suggests than actually discloses a painful picture, the painter from the outset wished to bring it home to the spectator's

for a sketch: "Ulysses slaying the suitors of Penelope."

Already in this youthful choice of subject was clearly prognosticated the particular bent which his genius subsequently followed. He turned, be it observed, to no idyl of peaceful nature or quiet home life, but at once struck a shrill clarion note in a theme



CIRCASSIAN GYPSY

imagination with all the emphasis of a very outspoken, and, one might add, a somewhat sensational nature. Verestchàgin has not inaptly been styled "An Apostle of Peace cloaked in Nihilism." He was a story-teller and a moralist, not a symbolist.

Without doubt he had inherited a strain of nomadic instinct and a love of daring



KABARDINE (CIRCASSIAN)



NOGAETZ (CIRCASSIAN)

adventure from his mother's ancestry, which as recently as his great-grandmother on the maternal side came directly of Caucasian Tatar stock. He always said of himself that he



A GREEK BEGGAR

## Vassili Verestchàgin

was three-quarters Russian and one-quarter Tartar. His mother was a singularly handsome woman, with whom his father fell in love at first sight at a chance meeting in a church. From her, their son received his distinctly oriental appearance, having a suavity and a grace of contour in his features and his movements, such as one does not often meet with in the square-cut, roughly-chiselled type of the pure Russian. In Verestchàgin's portfolios of studies of Caucasian and Turkish life one comes across many a head which at once reminds one of his own. He had an eagle nose, deep-set, bright, and very penetrating



CIRCASSIAN TYPE

eyes, and a well-developed forehead. In later years he wore a flowing beard, which hid a mouth rather inclined to be stern and hard, and with lines of indomitable will-power in its curves; but this forbidding trait was qualified by a ray of genial kindness always sparkling in his eyes.

At an early age he took to travelling, not only in the most remote parts of Russia proper, such as the Crimea and the Caucasus, but in Turkestan, Central Asia, Palestine, Syria, and India. When making an ascent of Kanchan-

janga, in which expedition his wife actually accompanied him, their coolies deserted



THE OPIUM-EATERS

## Vassili Verestchàgin



THE INTERIOR OF A MOSQUE

them, and they both nearly died of cold and starvation. He was also present during the last Russo-Turkish campaign, in which war he first became friendly with Admiral (then Lieutenant) Makarov, a friendship which lasted for the rest of their days, and "in their death they were not divided." On another occasion, he took an active part in the siege of Samarkand, where he was severely wounded, and his life almost despaired of. For his bravery during this siege he was honoured by the distinguished Russian order of St. George. Nor did Verestchàgin's adventurous ardour abate with advancing years. It was his unquenchable

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thirst after realism which prompted him to join Makarov on the *Petropavlovsk*. Wherever he went, it goes without saying, he gathered plenty of material and an abundance of local colour. The result of his Indian travels was the famous series of pictures dealing with Indian life under British military rule, which first brought him notoriety in this country. Verestchàgin had a wonderful facility and swiftness of production. So much so that he was once publicly accused of allowing other artists to paint his pictures wholesale for him, without making them any acknowledgment—an accusation from which he was happily able to vindicate himself completely.

Strength of delineation and absolute sincerity have so far distinguished the creations of Russian artists much more than the characteristics of charm, grace, or finish. This is not surprising in a nation

where art is still so young. Whilst it can rise to national, barbaric force, such art is necessarily wanting in the discipline and pruning which can only accrue to it from centuries of culture and self-criticism. Yet the rude vigour of the Russian artist is pregnant with the spirit of the people; his productions never lose the mark of race, and Verestchàgin, the most cosmopolitan of Russia's painters, is no exception, albeit his later training was chiefly that of foreign schools, where he acquired his technical knowledge. In Paris he studied at the "*École des Beaux Arts*," under Gérôme, but even in their early stages

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pupil and master had no very keen sympathy for each other; and as time went on, and the younger man's code of art became more pronounced, their ideals of romanticism and realism alike diverged more and more. Nevertheless, it should be mentioned that it was France, and not his own country, which had the credit of hanging Verestchàgin's first picture. This was at the Paris Salon of 1866. Many of his pictures so frequently exhibited at a later date in foreign galleries and exported to foreign countries were duplicates, and very inferior to the originals.

Those who wish to know this painter at his best, should visit the Tretiakov Gallery in Moscow. The theatrical, highly sensational tours which he frequently undertook through the different cities of Europe, exhibiting his own works, certainly tended to prejudice connoisseurs against viewing them favourably, and gave a very false impression of their real merits. The pictures were not shown in ordinary daylight, for instance, but by an ingeniously-planned scheme of electricity, in galleries adorned with gorgeous oriental draperies; and behind the scenes the strains of a harmonium were heard, or some of the wild, unearthly choruses peculiar to the Russian soldiers. All this savoured, of course, very much of charlatanism.

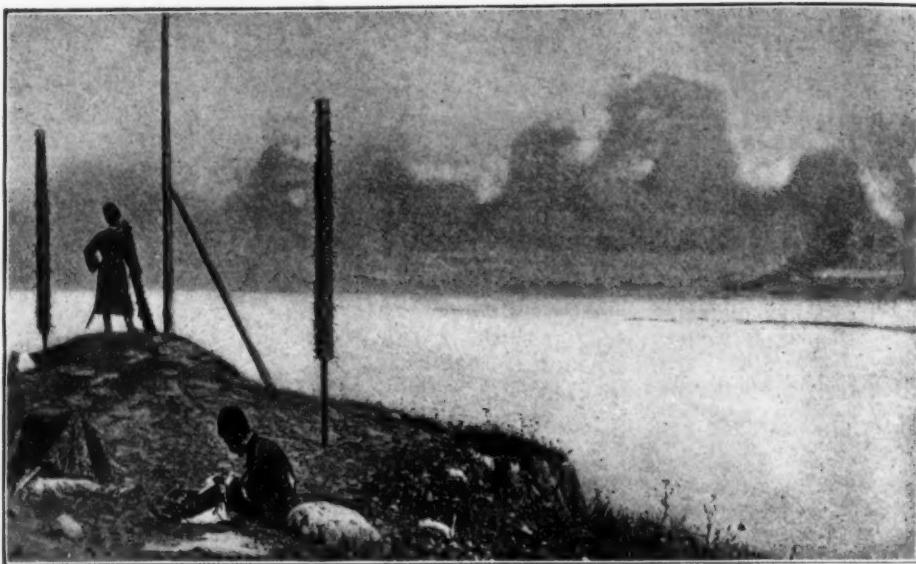
Immense excitement was aroused wherever Verestchàgin appeared in these exhibiting *tournées*. The illustrated papers were full of caricatures of this "fanatic of the paint-brush," as he was called; and crowds flocked to an entertainment bidding fair to be at once melodramatic and spectacular. Ladies fainted in front of the pictures, and in Berlin the exhibition caused such a tumult that it had to be



THE DERVISH CHOIR (SAMARKAND)

suppressed by order of the Emperor. Verestchàgin's genius was sufficiently great for him to have bided his time quietly without all this specious *récit*. In the history of art it is apparent that good work always wins recognition sooner or later. Yet his methods of advertisement were part and parcel of his character; something of the same violent, impetuous spirit once caused him to destroy three of his finest canvases, because they met with adverse criticism. A strange paradox in his temperament was the fact that although he thus surrounded his pictures with as theatrical and artificial an atmosphere as he could, he was equally scrupulous to paint them as much as possible under the direct influences of nature. His studio in

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THE OUTPOST

Munich, where he accomplished much of his best work, was constructed upon a revolving principle which followed the light, and he always insisted that his models should sit to him in the open air. He maintained, besides, that the future of all modern art must depend upon an

accurate knowledge of natural science and natural laws. In tenets such as these there is surely nothing empirical, or contrary to the highest conceptions of the functions of art.

Next to his Indian pictures, Verestchagin's series best known in England is



THE REQUIEM ON THE BATTLE-FIELD

## Vassili Verestchàgin

probably the cycle illustrative of Napoleon's disastrous "1812" campaign in Russia. Here the artist was obliged to draw more upon his imagination than in any other of his subjects. There ensued a spicè of conventionality—especially in the portrayal of the central figure—and a want of exactitude in small details, never perceptible when Verestchàgin caught his impressions straight from life. To those readers who have never happened to meet specimens of his work, a few descriptions of some of the most noteworthy and typical of his

all the panoply of his brilliant ceremonial robes, his hair falling over his shoulders, in his hands a censer which he waves as he chants the funeral orison; just behind him stands a bare-headed officer, and near them both one perceives the emblem of Christianity, which has been hurriedly planted in the soil. Sharply cutting the horizon line of this ghastly field of death begins the limitless cloud-line of lurid sky which fills up the background.

A third picture is called "The Apotheosis of War." It represents a pyramid of skulls



THE APOTHEOSIS OF WAR

Dedicated by Verestchàgin to "All Conquerors, past, present and to come."

pictures may not be without interest. In one we see a jungle, with a tangle of bamboo in the foreground, and a tiger gloating over a dead sepoy left behind in some skirmish; one slender palm-tree towers high above them, standing out in strong relief against a cloudless Indian sky, its mast-like stem crowned with a tuft of drooping branches, and a solitary cormorant is swooping down, eager too for its share of human booty.

In another canvas thousands of mutilated bodies lie prone, as far as the eye can reach, over a broad, monotonous steppe. On the left stands a Russian priest, clad in

with fragments of flesh still clinging to them. Crows hover joyfully over the pile, and perch upon its interstices, or sway upon the branches of a few adjacent trees, withered and leafless. One or two of the evil birds are even balancing themselves upon heads which have here and there rolled down from the gruesome heap. In the distance rise the proud battlements of a great city. This picture Verestchàgin dedicated to "All Conquerors, past, present and to come."

A fourth picture is in the form of a triptych: in all three panels the scene represents a sentry on the snow-clad

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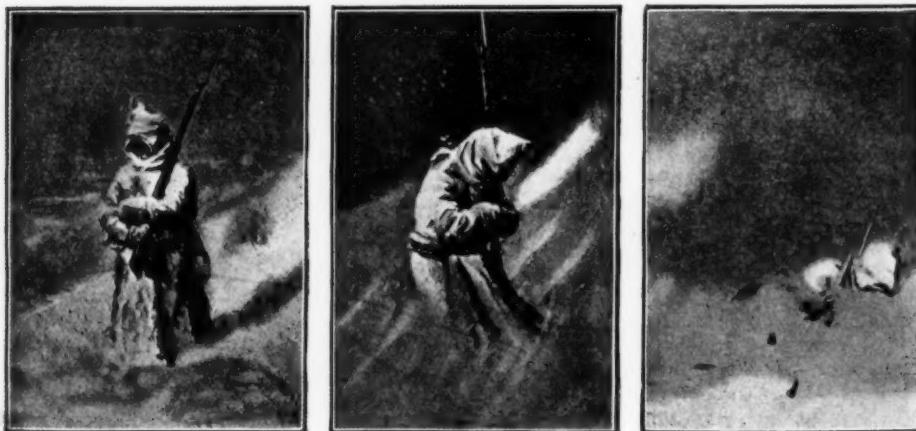
Shipka Pass. There is snow beneath, above, around—the air is opaque with its whirling flakes. In the first panel we see the sentry, leaning numbed with the cold upon his musket; in the second he is bent nearly double; in the third he has finally succumbed to the merciless frost, and the snow has already enveloped him in an icy shroud. Only the point of his musket protrudes, and shows us where he lately stood, valiant at his post.

Or who that has ever seen it can forget the famous "Road after Plevna"? It is a dreary, bleak winter's day; the desolate landscape and the bodies of those who have died upon the transport car are covered with a slight crust of glittering snow. The artillery of later columns have evidently driven with indifference over the dead, crushing them, and crows and ravens, thoroughly sated with the rich feast which has been provided them, have alighted upon the telegraph wires to digest their meal.

A sixth picture shows the transport of the wounded, who are being conveyed by a seemingly endless file of ox-carts slowly plodding through the snow, with those of the disabled who still can walk dragging themselves wearily and heavily along each side of the rough road. Again, we stand before a grand but intensely melancholy solitude of mountain, steppe, and winding river; one human figure alone rivets our notice. It is the dead body of a soldier lying "Forgotten." He is on his

back, and once more the terrible birds of prey are near; one of them has perched upon his breast, another upon the musket which has fallen from his dying clutch, and in the background we get a glimpse of a significant mound, surmounted by a cross.

There is not a shade of tender sentiment to soften the grim, relentless cruelty of these presentments, and what bitter, galling humour we note in certain touches! The sleek, comfortable satiety of Verestchàgin's crows, for example, is a study in itself. Whatever arguments may be adduced either for or against his special vein of art, one fact remains indisputable—namely, that Verestchàgin took an entirely new departure in his mode of depicting warfare. Before his day the "military picture" was generally of but mediocre interest to the student of the psychological impulses which vibrate through each successive human generation. Painters of battle scenes, no matter what their nationality, have mostly been learned in uniforms, in which they decked out so many puppets upon a stage-scene landscape. Verestchàgin swept all this aside. His pictures, one must confess, are not of the kind to pleasantly adorn the walls of royal palaces, or to embellish the corridors of municipal buildings. To understand them we require no long string of high-sounding names of great generals and famous personages. He reveals no martial splendours, no glorious "roll call"; but he only tells of



A MARTYR TO DUTY ON THE SHIPKA PASS

(A triptych.)

## Vassili Verestchàgin

awful misery, and of the sanguinary destruction of masses. To a man searching after truth alone, this could not well be otherwise. With each successive war of modern times the fiction of its glories becomes less and less palatable. We can no longer attach to it even the glamour of

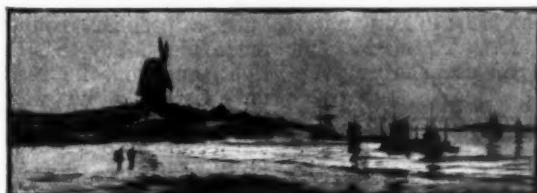
the perfected mechanical skill of vaunted civilisation; but assuredly contrary to all the higher instincts of civilisation and also of humanity. A shudder must have chilled the hearts of thousands of men and women when they read of the sinking of the *Petropavlovsk*, and of the means by which



"FORGOTTEN"

bravery, such as we were wont to associate with the hot-blooded hand-to-hand fighting of the olden times. Modern warfare is a cold-blooded, strategical science, for which nothing short of diabolical machines of destruction are contrived, thanks to

its annihilation was encompassed. Something of a kindred feeling comes over us when we have gazed long at Verestchàgin's pictures. For this reason one would claim for him a worthy place amongst the noblest teachers of his age.



# His Poor Lordship

A FANTASTIC STORY

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE

## SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

LORD MENLOE, a poor nobleman and a writer of poems, on the strength of a present of meat resolves to give a dinner-party. On the strength of the dinner-party he engages, in addition to Thady, his old man-servant, a butler who offers his services and gives his name as James James.

But on the day before the dinner, Menloe himself, touched by the tale of a tramp, led him to the larder and told him to help himself. On the day of the dinner, to which the Bishop and other local personages of importance had been invited, Menloe wrote poetry till ten o'clock at night. He had forgotten the dinner-party. And James, finding no meat in the larder, told the guests when they arrived that his Lordship had had a fit, and they had all gone home at once.

### CHAPTER VI.—BULLETINS ARE POSTED

ALTHOUGH next day the true fate of the meat was broken to Thady, he found the story unconvincing. Indeed, he regarded it as personally affronting, and offered violence with a frying-pan to the maid when she whispered it again. For some days he conducted an intermittent search in most improbable places, even probing the kitchen-chimney, and bringing down an avalanche of soot. In fact, it may be said that Thady never quite recovered from the missing meat. It became his Lost Tribes, his Sir John Franklin, his Ginevra, and whenever he was himself a little more than usually lost he would put on his top-hat, and wander questingly into strange places.

But this is anticipation. During the day many telegrams arrived, generally addressed to "Butler." "How is dear Lord Menloe? Anxious. Sympathy"—being mostly as much as—with the address—could be done for the sixpence. To these, James, having obtained Lord Menloe's permission, uniformly replied: "Temperature satisfactory, hopeful: must be kept very quiet. With great respect, JAMES." One lady, who seemed to have treasured reminiscences of Mr. Kipling's illness, and the methods of his devotees, addressed Menloe himself: "You must not die. Oh, do not die." To this Menloe personally replied: "Am considering your suggestion."

But people nearer home were not satisfied with telegraphic sympathy. Stout, warm-hearted ladies trudged in on their feet, nearly always with jelly, in a bag. Other ladies, in anxious donkey-carts, left

silent little parcels: "Rub his spine with this." "A hop-pillow with prayers." Flowers poured in, and one tearful cucumber.

Menloe, writing in his study, heard muffled voices, and tip-toe wheels, and made his pen go softly. He was haunted by fears that people would begin to stare in, anxious to see the room and the chair in which he sat when he was "took." One lady did actually begin to peep, but her the fate of peeping Tom overtook.

Not literally, for her eyesight remained excellent, but spiritually; for two of the disbanded and hovering cats flew out with such sudden and terrible noises, that shocking palpitations visited her.

Once or twice a handsome carriage drove up, and several times doctors' side-cars. It appeared from James' subsequent report, that several of the disappointed diners had thoughtfully knocked a doctor up. One doctor had arrived, it seemed, about two in the morning, but James had merely looked out of the window, and had not heard him.

After some hours of this, Lord Menloe became nervous. The house looked like a Harvest Festival, so many flowers and vegetables had arrived. He could not enjoy his pipe at all, for the straw that had been spread. It affected him in quite a peculiar manner. Sometimes it made him fancy that the public must be right, and that he really *had* been very ill. Certainly he was in a miserable minority. Thady, early convinced that the common opinion was true, became piteous in his searchings. He had grown a little confused about the nature of the meat, and was convinced that it would

## His Poor Lordship

have made admirable beef-tea—evidently the thing for which the emergency clamoured. The new little maid, also, when Menloe sought some more interior abiding-place, almost ran from him.

About three o'clock things quieted down. No more wheels came up the drive; only one little boy appeared for nearly an hour, and he suddenly got scared and ran for his life. It was pleasant—it was blessed—but it was suspicious. Menloe crept into the butler's pantry, and questioned James.

"What's choking 'em off?" he asked with a ghastly grin.

"Perhaps, my Lord, the bulletin had something to do with it."

Lord Menloe's glasses grew larger.

"What bulletin, James?" he asked faintly.

"Well, my Lord, when I saw how they were worrying you, I thought I must keep them off the house; so I posted it on the gate."

"A bulletin, James?"

"Yes, my Lord."

"Was it favourable, James?"

"It was, my Lord, but it said that the slightest noise might——"

"Yes, James?"

"Cost your Lordship's life," said James intensely, as he shook his respectful head.

"Was it signed, James?"

"Oh, yes, my Lord, it was quite regular."

"Who signed it, James?"

"Well, my Lord, there were obvious objections to local doctors; and when medical advice is summoned, regard for expense is false economy."

"Exactly, James. So——?"

"So, my Lord," James concluded briskly, "I had Sir Thomas Quain, and Dr. Blue."

"And their names were attached to the bulletin?"

"To the first one, my Lord. Sir Thomas alone signed this." James handed to his master a half-sheet of notepaper, on which was written in an admirable medical hand: "Lord Menloe's strength is maintained: the slightest noise still causes him dangerous distress."

"Is that quite right, do you think? Would you say that noise was dangerous?"

"In your Lordship's condition," James replied, with respectful conviction, "I certainly would."

Menloe felt that he must yield.

"That straw fidgets me," he said. "It almost makes me think——" He broke

off, with a laugh and a whistle, and lounged back to his study. There seemed to be in James' eye something like respectful alarm. Menloe leaned his arms on the shelf, and thought. "I wonder if—My memory does play me such tricks." Then he shook himself angrily: "Shut up, idiot!" he said. About five o'clock Menloe was startled by an unwonted sound. It was the ringing of the church bell.

But it was not at all like the ordinary ringing; which, if cracked, was not dismal . . . broken . . . ominous. It might almost be the wind that rang it, Menloe thought, only that the sound would have been more fitful—less meaning. What day could it be? What . . . Menloe's hearkening thoughts were interrupted by a voice at his elbow. Certainly he was growing nervous, for he jumped round, saying—

"Why do you creep about like a cat, James?" But it wasn't James; it was a red-haired man in black.

"How did you get in?" Menloe asked.

"Through the back-door. I didn't like to make a noise at such a time."

"What do you want then?"

"The job, old chap," said the man, shaking Menloe's shoulders persuasively. "I'll stand you a couple of quid if you'll get me the job."

He took out a large professional card. It had a neat little hearse in the left-hand corner, and it bore the legend—

O'GORMAN,

*Elegant Funeral Undertaker.*

Menloe lifted his eyebrows, then he smiled; then he said in a business-like manner—"Money down?"

"Right you are," said the man, and he slapped on the table two limp insanitary one-pound notes.

Menloe put them into his pocket.

"Now, old chap," asked O'Gorman, "where are the remains?"

"Here," said Menloe.

The man looked round.

"I don't see them at all," he said.

"Don't you see me? I am the Remains; and you'd better walk out before the corpse kicks you out."

"Are you his poor—I mean—Lord Menloe?" inquired the man, with a loose jaw and a wide eye.

"I am the late Lord Menloe; and if you don't want to be the late O'Gorman——"

## His Poor Lordship

Lord Menloe stopped and stamped.

"Get out," he yelled.

The man turned and fled.

A moment later Menloe imitated his flight. He heard a sonorous voice exclaiming, "Yes, Quain is my name: Sir Thomas Quain: and this is Dr. Blue: a liberty has been taken—a most scandalous liberty." After a little interval filled by James the ruffled voice grew calmer. "Well, certainly that is an explanation." The Doctor went. Menloe made no inquiry. Explanations are best unexplained.

### CHAPTER VII.—JAMES IS EQUAL TO A DIFFICULT OCCASION

**A**BOUT seven o'clock, though there was still some daylight, Menloe put up the shutters and lit his lamp.

The sense of the straw fretted his nerves to an incredible degree. Not only did it vex him with the ideas of rows of medicine-bottles, torturing pillows of delirium, but it conveyed to him the sense of soundless feet, lurking presences. At length he could stand the thing no longer. Making a sortie into one of his back passages, he found a large serviceable besom, and, creeping through the back-door, stole from behind a great beech upon the muffled avenue. Hardly had he lifted his besom, when there arose a shriek that almost lifted his hair. He caught a momentary vision of ragged figures crossing themselves,—the tag-ends of holy sentences; then there was the dead thump of naked feet, and, intermittently, a cry for mercy. Evidently, Lord Menloe was a popular corpse; he seemed likely to become a popular ghost.

Ah, now he began to think: a ghostly sweeping figure—surely there was such in the house.

Before his grandfather died a spectral sweeper had been visible for several nights. If he remembered right it had assumed the form of the dying man himself—who seemed to have the desire of making a fair way to the grave for his own feet.

Of course! Quite happy in the re-finding of this family besom, Menloe carried his broom in, and, while he dressed, created the atmosphere of a poem: "The Ghostly Sweeper." By the way, the sweeping seemed to interest James. He had been gazing at his master's occupation with fascinated eyes.

It was rather a powerful tribute to the respectability of James, that, under the disconcerting circumstances of that night, Lord Menloe indued his evening clothes.

He was just going to take his place at the table, where James was already on duty, when, to his horror, he saw two ladies standing in the hall, just outside the door.

They stood doubtfully, and the younger of the two—an exceedingly bright and pretty young woman—said in a low voice—

"Say, Momma, we have no business creeping in like this, let's go back anyhow."

In a flash, Lord Menloe divined the whole meaning of the apparition. Some while ago he had been corresponding, through the medium of a well-known journal, with a young Canadian. They were to improve one another—in French and other things—and conceivably might have done it, had not Menloe discovered that under the innocent-seeming "P. Tite" lurked a young woman with a seductive name.

Ah! that unopened letter in his table-heap, that set him remembering. No doubt it was from her. No doubt she had written to say that she was coming—and here she was. The thing was so terrible to Menloe's imagination—a young person who said "Momma," and a middle-aged person who might say worse—that, under sheer pressure of terror he rose, and would have shut the door. But his purpose was forestalled. Advancing resolutely, the elder lady blocked the door with her liberal person, and putting up her glasses, serenely stared in.

"Lord Menloe?" she said interrogatively as her eye fell upon James, correct and silent,—in his British hauteur, no doubt. Menloe turned upon James a look of agonised supplication.

"Oh, James," it said, "do not throw me to these lions."

James looked at Menloe, and asked an almost imperceptible question. Hidden behind the opened door, Menloe nodded in drowning entreaty.

"Lord Menloe?" asked the lady again.

"Yes," said James, with a dawning nobility in his voice. "What may I have the honour of——?"

"Now, don't you worry," said the stout lady, coming comfortably in, followed more lingeringly by the half-frightened, wondering little companion-figure. "You are sick, that's what's the matter with you, and I'm going to nurse you."



"NOW, DON'T YOU WORRY," SAID THE STOUT LADY

## His Poor Lordship

### CHAPTER VIII.—THE SWOOP OF THE TITES

"**M**Y dear Madam," said James, "you really are too good. My illness was much exaggerated."

"Now do take care; a very little excitement will create a determination of blood to the head. Do you sit with your feet in hot water?"

"Not invariably; but I must not absorb all the conversation; will not Miss—" he looked at the pretty girl and paused—"sit down?"

"If you haven't been and forgotten my name. Why, I'm sure you've seen it often enough?"

"But, if I may make so serious a charge against a lady's handwriting, it was rather illegible."

"Then how did you write it back? Come, now, my Lord, how did you write it back?"

"But did I ever write it back in full?" James asked, evidently anxious for information. "I thought I wrote only the initial."

The stout lady gave her daughter a slap on the back.

"Had you there, I guess. Well, explain that 'Miss P. Tite' stood for 'Miss Persephone Tite'."

"I'm sure I signed in full once," said Persephone.

"Impossible, or I should have remembered it," said James. "Persephone is my favourite name."

A slight sound like shaking became audible behind the door where Menloe still stood almost out of sight. Mrs. Tite put up her glasses and the shaking ended in a low cough.

"James," said James, turning on Menloe a face of calm severity, "lay covers for two more; these ladies will dine with me."

At the word "covers," Mrs. Tite nudged Persephone, who, with a quaint, blushing earnestness, took a notebook out of her pocket.

"Now do excuse, my Lord," she said. "The fact is, we are not at all high-toned at New Manchester. You wouldn't believe with what a horrid twang folks mostly speak." The slightly over-emphasised, quaintly-deliberate movement of her speech became more marked in her little excitement; she certainly produced some *prima facie* evidence against the speech of New Manchester.

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"But you don't explain," Mrs. Tite now put in. "I was informed by some distinguished Canadian friends—"

"Lady McManus, and Miss Judith McManus," Persephone added with a proud gusto.

"—that the purest English in the Empire is spoken in Ireland, particularly in the neighbourhood of Limerick. Now Persephone has had the best of lessons."

"I've only had six months, though," Persephone explained. "You can't worry through everything in six months."

"Nonsense, you was at good schools before. Weren't you a term in London when you were a little thing?"

"London, Nova Scotia," Persephone admitted.

"Well, where would you have it?" Mrs. Tite turned to James. "She was for ever reading and studying. I don't know how many poetry-books she hasn't been through. Lord!—I don't mean you, my Lord—I couldn't tell you half her accomplishments; so when poor Tite went"—(Mrs. Tite hollowed her hand and whispered sonorously "Alcoholism, but Persephone does not suspect")—"I said I'd take her right over to the Old Country, as Lady McManus used to call it, and let her catch the accent."

Persephone looked up with that earnest candour that was her chiefest charm.

"And we thought a lord, my Lord, would be a real old start."

"Have you got 'covers' down?" asked Mrs. Tite,—"covers where we would say plates. Would you have the phrase 'cheese-covers,' now, and 'dessert-covers'?"

"Certainly," said James.

During all this talk Menloe had remained in his lurking-place behind the door. At James' "Certainly," Mrs. Tite's anxious nudge, and Persephone's conscientious note in the little book, something again shook, and at Mrs. Tite's seriously-questioning look, went off in a cough. James now turned sharply round.

"Dinner!" he roared. Lord Menloe stalked slowly away. In a couple of minutes he returned bearing a small silver dish.

"My Lord is served," he said.

"Shall we sit down?" said James, and the ladies took their places. Mrs. Tite looked at him and he said grace, but Persephone, anxious not to lose that phrase, "My Lord is served," was not prepared

## His Poor Lordship

for what happened, and grew very red. Menloe was not successful as a waiter. He handed the fish—by great luck somebody had sent up trout as being a “fine brain food”—across the stout lady. “Left side, James,” said James.

In a minute or two, Menloe was sent out for sherry. He had not the least idea where to find it, and was heard mooning about quite helplessly, followed everywhere by other feet, and by strange whispers. “Ice” and “temples” reached James’ ears, and he grew rather anxious.

“Excuse me,” he suddenly said, “my man is a good, honest fellow, but raw. I must go and show him where the sherry is.” James tossed his napkin away and walked into the hall. There was Thady with a cold compress dodging Menloe’s angry lunges, and trying to get it tied upon his head.

“Sure the next fit would kill him entirely,” he whimpered, “and he’s as mad as Balaam now.”

“Let him have his way,” said James, “don’t thwart him whatever he takes into his head.”

Thady looked up into James’ face with a strangely docile look.

“I will not, then,” he answered.

“Look here, James,” Menloe said, turning suddenly on James, “this is going a bit too far. I am ordered about like a dog—and now, it seems, I’m mad.”

“I’m sure, my Lord,” said James, “I’m only acting for the best. I was placed in a very awkward position at very short notice.”

“I know, I know,” said Menloe, “you are doing splendidly. I never saw such acting in my life.”

“Perhaps it is not *all* acting,” James answered with rather a tragic look.

“What on earth do you mean?” Menloe stared at him with glasses like carriage-lamps.

“Perhaps,” said James very solemnly, “there is noble blood in my family.” He found sherry and claret, and with amazing dexterity uncorked and decanted them.

“I have been away an unconscionable time,” he said, returning to the room, Lord Menloe following with the decanters.

“Your Lordship has just given Persephone time for an interesting note.”

“Indeed?” said James easily, “may I inquire what it is about?”

Persephone looked down, confused, then

up, assured. She had a lovely colour that came and went like a visible conscience.

“It is headed ‘Condescension of the true Aristocracy: noblemen act like brothers.’” Again there came the sound of shaking. James’ face grew redder than Persephone’s. “Now I’ve done something wrong,” said Persephone; “I guess it ain’t customary—not in this country—to make remarks.” The shaking went on. Mrs. Tite turned round and looked at Menloe critically.

“I reckon that young man is going to have a touch of ague, or might happen liver chill. Do you wear cork-soles? I know it ain’t exactly the thing—talking to helps at table . . . but doctoring a fellow-creature is more nor manners—do you, young man?”

“No, I don’t,” said Menloe.

“Say ‘I do not, Madam, I thank you.’” James brought his fist down on the table and roared at Menloe, while Persephone jotted down—“Firmness of the aristocracy: a lesson in manners.”

Menloe repeated, “I do not, Madam, I thank you.”

Persephone’s earnest face rose from her note-book.

“Excuse me, my Lord, may I ask a little question?”

“A hundred, Miss Persephone,” said James.

“In addressing a nobleman like yourself, should I say ‘Your Lordship’ or ‘My Lord’? It may seem trifling, but, as Lady McManus said, nothing that concerns real blue blood is unimportant. Which would you say?”

“Either is perfectly correct; it is a mere matter of taste.” James tossed the matter off with a little wave of the hands, and, nodding to Menloe, added, “Claret for Miss Tite.”

As the wine began to gurgle in her glass, Persephone, who had been so completely absorbed in the etiquette questions that she had not heard James’ direction, stopped Menloe’s hand.

“No wine for me,” she said, “we are strict teetotalers.”

Then a voice whispered in her ear, “Say, ‘Lord Menloe.’”

She turned and looked in amazement at the waiter.

“Well, of all!” she said to herself.

“James,” thundered James, “leave the room.” Menloe got rather red—his glasses glared—it almost seemed that his fist had

## His Poor Lordship

clenched. "Leave the room," said James more quietly.

Menloe went.

### CHAPTER IX.—JAMES ENTERS THE PEERAGE

"WELL, my Lord," Mrs. Tite was beginning.

"Lord Menloe," said Persephone in prompt correction.

"Of course, Lord Menloe: we owe you apologies for paying you a surprise-visit."

"A delightful surprise-visit," said James, with a devoted smirk and a chivalrous bow.

"Now that's real kind," Mrs. Tite replied, "and it's what Lady McManus calls 'ben trovato.' That's it, ain't it, Persephone?"

"Ben something or other, like the nickname for mountains."

"Anyway, it is like the old aristocracy; for their manners are beautiful."

"Yes, there's something in blood," said James with a faint flush.

"There is *that*," Mrs. Tite asserted with fervour. "If I'd have met your Lordship—"

"Lord Menloe, Momma——"

"No, Persephone, that ain't right. How am I, addressing his Lordship, to say 'I met Lord Menloe'? That would be making a third party of his Lordship. There again!" exclaimed Mrs. Tite, slamming her elbows on the table, "this is one of them rules that has exceptions. You couldn't say 'Him'; I'd never be a party to such rudeness."

"Ah," said James blandly, "these little details soon arrange themselves."

"Well, I hope so, I'm surz, but titles is certainly a bit intricate. Since this is to be Persephone's finish, I'm sure your Lord Menloe—now don't you interfere, Persephone—my Lordship, would you mind answering me a question?"

"I'll try, anyhow, but I'm not a Sphinx."

A pair of glasses shone through the half-open door. "Edipus," said Menloe, "not an Edipus." And he resumed his seat on the oak-settle in the hall.

"Is that young man quite——?" Mrs. Tite's voice rose into a whisper that would have filled St. Paul's. Menloe, keeping his lonely watch, felt, though he could not see the pantomime that accompanied it, that Mrs. Tite was winking, nodding and

touching her forehead with her forefinger.

"Oh, yes," said James, in rather faint asseveration, "or, if it comes to that, which of us is absolutely sane? Perhaps my man is not worse than the rest of us."

"Then he *is* a little——?" Persephone asked in an awed whisper.

"No, I should not say that—unless, perhaps, on one subject."

Menloe sat glued to his settle. It was not the questionable taste of the fiction that overcame him, but a certain realism in the voice of James. Seldom, thought Menloe, did a voice carry more conviction. The society-drama had lost in James a splendid man.

"Does he ever give any trouble? I hope he ain't at all violent?" Mrs. Tite seemed a little uneasy. She did not quite like, Menloe felt, having her back to the door.

"He's as harmless a poor fellow as ever lived; as harmless a poor fellow as ever lived." Persephone's note-book rustled; evidently she was recording that Shakespearean collocation of epithets. It struck Menloe with a little surprise that it should shape itself on the lips of James. Like so many other Elizabethanisms of speech, current in Ireland, it did not obtain, Menloe felt morally certain, in English usage. No, he had been at Eton and for one year at Oxford, and he had never heard that quaintly-expressive turn of phrase. No, nor had he met the quaintly-expressive turn of James' nose. It would take most men time—three generations, perhaps—to come by that nose.

Where in the world had he seen that nose? It had an association, an atmosphere, a drama. Where was it? Yes, come, where was it? Hanging in the hall were two old Irish mirrors—oval, with frames of lustre—like cut-glass. Moved by a sudden fancy, Menloe rose and stared at himself in one of these. He nodded to his reflection, smiling. It was when he was shaving that he had seen that nose. Altogether, indeed, now that the idea was before him, the butler bore a certain resemblance to his master. Menloe sat down again, thrusting out his legs, and jamming his hands into his pockets. He was a Liberal, but that resemblance seemed to him a liberty—a liberty that was only possible in a levelling age.

But that discovery did not exhaust the

## His Poor Lordship

history of James' nose. Where else had it crossed the path of Menloe? The thing bothered him. He was getting that nose on his nerves. Quite suddenly from the room within a word gave him the answer to his obstinate questioning.

"They've arrested him in the States, I hear," Mrs. Tite was saying. Before James'

broken gaol, and for several months had defied the efforts of the police. So he was taken at last, was he? Yet, for a moment, as he looked silently in on the face of James, Lord Menloe doubted. For that crude portrait—on the police-poster—James might have sat. Mercy! if that unspeakable ruffian, fiercer and fouler than any



"GIVE ME THE CANDLE, THEN," SAID MRS. TITE

inquiry—a little conscious, it seemed—"Got whom, Mrs. Tite?" had provoked the name—it was on Menloe's lips—"O'Gorman."

Yes, when he had posted his invitations for the dinner-party, pasted on the door of the police-station, below the figures "£100 REWARD," was the face that had set him puzzling. O'Gorman, undergoing a long sentence for a very atrocious crime, had

wolf, were sitting there at the head of his table— His thought broke off, he turned away and sat down; the thing was impossible. There was the sharp ping of a bell; then the voice of "James, are you coming?"

Menloe jumped up and entered the dining-room.

"James," said James, "these ladies will spend the night here."

## His Poor Lordship

### CHAPTER X.—THE ANCESTRAL WARMING-PAN

MENLOE looked at James with a blighting eye. James, however, failed to shrivel into his shirt-front. He returned his master's gaze with surprised annoyance.

"That is all, James," he said, and turned to Miss Tite.

"I wish I had your—" he was beginning, when Menloe broke in.

"The bed is not aired," he said.

"Then air it," James replied, with a dismissing wave of the hand.

But he found a strong ally in his objection. "Oh, dear me," said Mrs. Tite, "I have an aunt"—she sniffed the word "aunt" as though it were the flower of eternal youth—"that lost the use of her —" Mrs. Tite paused, discomfited.

"Lower limbs," suggested Persephone, slightly blushing.

"Extremities," Mrs. Tite proceeded, nothing if not critical, "her lower extremities, through sleeping in a damp bed. I am real old-fashioned about beds; damp beds is my *bête noire*." She pronounced the last two words "*beat noyer*."

"I assure you, my dear Mrs. Tite, that you need not have a moment's uneasiness. I see after things myself, you know—pity the sorrows of a poor old bachelor—and it was only a couple of days ago that the room—I am sorry that I cannot use the word in the plural—was put completely to rights. I'm just after a grand old cleaning," James concluded, with a sudden lurch into the vernacular.

"I saw a warming-pan," Persephone hinted, recognising the unlaid ghost of rheumatism in Mrs. Tite's expressive toupee. Menloe looked up in interest. He had lately given, in a sudden yearning towards the beautiful, thirty shillings for the virtuous article.

"Of course," said James, "the very thing. By the way, that warming-pan has been in the family for two hundred years. When Queen Elizabeth slept here, that happy pan beguiled her to sweet slumber. Dr. Johnson made a poem on the subject."

Persephone's pencil ran excitedly down the pages of her book. In the delightful sense of intimacy with starry names, her dates failed her—all that she had acquired in six months at London, Canada. Besides, Mrs. Tite's ecstatic nudges would have knocked the chronology out of anybody.

"What's the price of the bed?" asked Mrs. Tite, closing one eye to keep in the covetousness that blazed in it. "If it was anyways reasonable, I wouldn't mind doing a deal."

"I would have asked you," said James, "to let me have it packed as a little present, only it was burned in the unfortunate fire."

"Of London?" asked Mrs. Tite.

"No, no, no. The fire of Menloe—in which a million of money was lost, and the Vandykes—the precious Vandykes."

Looking round, as he sipped his claret, James encountered carelessly, almost unconsciously, the danger-lights of Menloe's glasses. This splendid lying came to James as it might have come to the old Kings of Armagh. It seemed to involve no outlay whatever. As he went on, Menloe's consuming gaze became a stare of wonder. His mouth opened; he looked like a farm-boy beholding his first motor. James' hands, lightly pressed together, lay forgotten on the table. His eyes looked on nothing; he was like a man dreaming aloud.

"Poor Aunt Eustacia! She was the chief beauty of her time. Her only possible rivals were Lady Blessington, and, perhaps, the second of the Miss Gunnings. She was burned in that bed."

Persephone's pencil scrambled and jumped. Mrs. Tite's eyes were as the eyes of ten.

"I don't know how you do it," said Menloe; "besides, that warming-pan—"

"Say," broke in Mrs. Tite, "I'll show the young man how to do it. You don't mind me slipping into your kitchen? Law, I'm as homely as 'Home, sweet Home'; and Miss there, for all her romance and that, she can make lemon-cheesecake with any one in Canada."

In a moment Mrs. Tite had caught up a candlestick, and commanding Menloe to lead the way, had borne down upon the kitchen.

There a wild little figure sprang out of semi-darkness, moaning and staring and wringing a compress. It rushed upon Menloe, who angrily pushed it down upon a heap of turf.

"Oh, what will become of us!" wailed Thady. "Oh, his poor Lordship, oh, the bitter black day!"

"Here, Daddy," James whispered to Thady; "put coals into this pan; we are for getting him to bed."

"I will, thin, darlin'," Thady answered,

## His Poor Lordship

docile on a sudden; and tremulously he filled the pan.

Minnie, the little maid, had long since gone to roost.

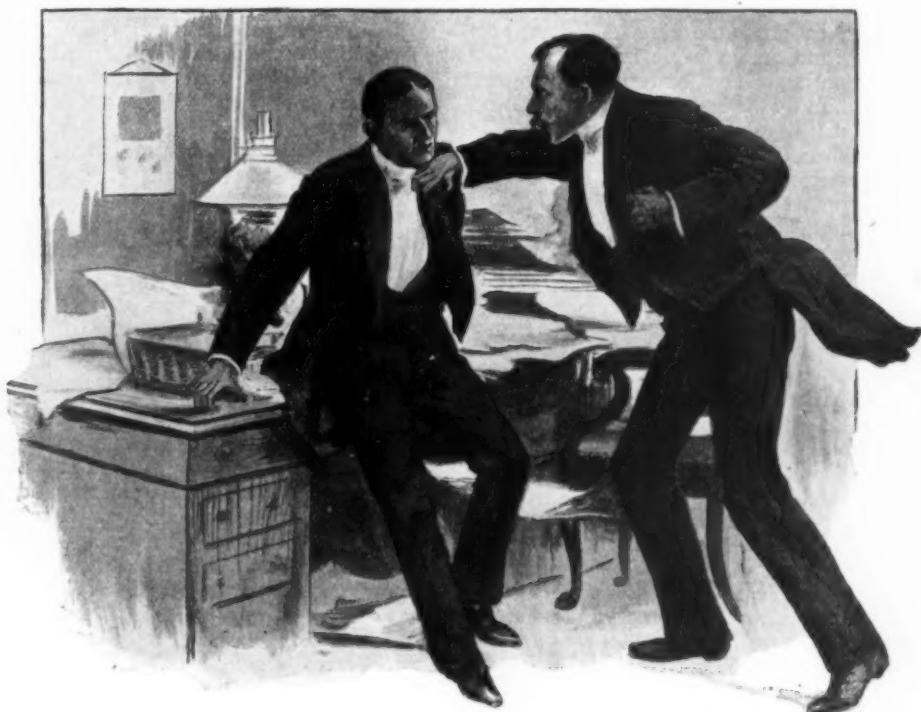
"James," said James, "you will have to heat the bed."

"Give me the candle, then," said Mrs. Tite; "I'll soon make him handy with a warming-pan."

They proceeded up-stairs, Mrs. Tite in advance, Menloe with the warming-pan

white figure glided in from nowhere, and clapped the compress on Menloe's head. Whereupon the howls of his laughter grew so alarming, that, snatching the warming-pan up, Mrs. Tite declared that she would conduct her own bed-warming.

"I'd get his head shaved as soon as possible," she whispered to James, interposing her spreading person between Menloe and Persephone, who now came up the stairs; "I never bled nobody yet, but I



MENLOE CAUGHT HIM BY THE COLLAR. "YOU RASCAL," HE SAID, TIGHTENING HIS GRIP BY A TURN

next, James last, with a dominating eye on the nape of Menloe's neck.

On the top of the stairs a sudden convulsion took hold upon Menloe. Sitting down with the warming-pan across his knees, he laughed in such explosive peals as drove a lurking remnant of cats, thick-tailed, across the light into deeper darkness.

Stooping over Menloe, Mrs. Tite talked to him, quite in a motherly way, with two fingers on his wrist.

Then, while James glared and tut-tutted, and Persephone looked up from the hall, half-frightened, half-amused, that little

think I might manage at a pinch. I know I'd open a vein all right, if I was only sure about the closing of it."

James hoped that there might be no need of bleeding.

He conducted the ladies to their room; there were hand-shakings and good-nights; then the ladies' door closed, and an ostentatious key turned in the lock.

A second or two later another key turned —James' key.

Positively, he had taken possession of Menloe's room.

Setting his mouth hard, Menloe was

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about to follow James, and, not without violence, to oust him, when he realised how noisy that proceeding must be. He could not inflict upon the ladies such a fright as the storming of the door must involve.

Very quietly he whispered through the key-hole: "Wait till to-morrow—just wait till to-morrow."

Having re-entered the study, he read Marcus Aurelius for two hours. By that time his mind and body were composed for sleep; so he drew a rug over him and slept.

At eight next morning the door was opened, and James came in.

Menloe jumped up, and, without a word, caught him by the collar. "You rascal," he said, tightening his grip by a turn.

James looked into his face with dignified surprise—though he was rather near choking.

"I think," he said, "you forget yourself."

"Give me my title, you dog—do you hear, blackguard?—your Lordship."

Menloe shook him—his person, not his serenity.

"I beg your pardon—" James said between gasps; "I think your Lordship forgets yourself."

Menloe was inclined to agree with that criticism. This, after all—even in the face of the Great Fire romance—was not the way to treat James.

"I beg your pardon," he said, loosing the leverage on James' collar.

"It is granted," said James. A little wave of the hand dismissed the incident as a spiteful littleness that must not be allowed to have happened.

It made Menloe feel that, at heart, he was a cad. "James," he said suddenly, "that was a snobbish thing to do."

James dropped his hands in a lofty sadness. Candour could not contradict that assertion. Menloe looked at James almost pleadingly. "We all do caddish things at times, I suppose?" He laughed awkwardly, and was about to dig James—when, fortunately, he felt the unseemliness of such an act.

"I don't," said James, calmly.

"Never? Don't you ever? Did you never?"

"I am trying to remember." James laid his forefinger on the top of his nose, where the thoughtful brow gathered into folds. "Yes," he said, after an interval:

(To be continued.)

"once I was too generous; and twice too forgiving."

"That wasn't exactly caddish; indeed, I should call it almost the opposite."

"Perhaps," said James, "perhaps."

Menloe felt that he ought to laugh, or, at least, to want to laugh. Somehow or other he did neither.

"How do you account for it, James?"

"*Noblesse oblige*," said James again, with a slow downward movement of the head, and a silent setting of the palms together: "*Noblesse oblige*."

At that word Menloe forced a laugh, but it rang harshly and he was ashamed of it.

"Look here," he said, glad to turn away the reproach in James' eyes, "when are they going?"

"Really," James answered with grave moderation, "I cannot tell you."

"You see," Menloe explained in the same tone, "it is pretty awkward altogether. To wait on one's—" he was going to say "butler," but turned that unworthy word into "friend"—"is not quite what one likes."

"I can well understand that feeling," said James, as out of the bitter depths of memory.

Suddenly Menloe became angry. "Why did you put me into such a beastly hole?" he said, snapping out the words savagely.

"Hole?—beastly?—put?—I?" asked James in a flight of inverted interrogations. "It was on your own initiative—I might say, on your own earnest entreaty—that I threw myself into the breach. I prefer that expression to 'beastly hole.'"

"I only meant—well, if I had—yes, perhaps I did;" reluctantly, Menloe conceded James' claim; "but I didn't mean the thing to go on all night."

James drew himself up. "I could not wrong the hospitality of this house," he said, spreading his hands as if disclosing a long vista of noble halls, "by turning ladies into the night."

Menloe considered; he wished to be just. "No, James, no," he said, and as the plain name sounded on his ears, it seemed hardly the word to use. It wronged his sense of the fitness of things, and the flesh of James' inner being seemed to quiver under it, like a horse's shoulder when a fly has settled there.

"No," Menloe said again, "no."

James bowed, as one from whose nobility some silly slander has been withdrawn.

## Literary Glasgow: Past and Present

BY J. A. HAMMERTON

AUTHOR OF "J. M. FARRIE AND HIS BOOKS," "STEVENSONIANA," ETC.



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MR. NEIL MUNRO

### PART II.

AMONG contemporary Glasgow authors there need be no hesitation in giving first mention to Mr. Neil Munro, whose brilliant success as a novelist has not tempted him Londonward. Mr. Munro was born at Inverary forty years ago, and at twenty-one made his way to Glasgow, where he became a reporter on the *Evening News*. His newspaper work had always been distinguished by qualities of observation and style which can seldom be detected in the writing of a local journalist, but although some short stories of his had appeared in *The Speaker* and in the *National Observer*, there must have been few who were quite prepared for the revelation of such delicate and subtle craftsmanship as his series of Celtic tales and sketches, *The Lost*

*Pibroch*, published in 1896, revealed. As Mr. J. H. Millar has justly observed in his *Literary History of Scotland*, "here we have the very breath and atmosphere of the Highlands, and the Celt is presented to us as a man and a brother, and not as a moon-struck imbecile." With the best will I have tried my hardest to discover in Mr. Munro's later novels something better than I found in *The Lost Pibroch*, but I confess that his first book still remains my favourite; in giving us that he provided the most exacting of tests for his subsequent work. He is of the fortunate few who have proved that the prophet has sometimes honour in his own country, for Glasgow is proud of him, and his novels are always well to the front at the booksellers'. Mr. Munro has never quite given up his connexion with Glasgow journalism, but he lives now at the coast-town of Gourock,



Photo by

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MR. J. J. BELL

## Literary Glasgow: Past and Present



MR. ROBERT FORD

where, within easy reach of the city, he can write his books in something like country quiet and still be in touch with the whirl of affairs.

Mr. Munro, who is a member of the Ballad Club, has written some beautiful verse, but I do not think that Mr. J. J. Bell, whose fame as the creator of "Wee Macgregor" has flashed throughout the British Empire, is a member of that coterie. Still, I shall venture to state that Mr. Bell has written poetry which entitles him far more to literary recognition than any of his dialect sketches do. He was born in Glasgow thirty-three years ago, and passed through the University at Gilmorehill, but it was not until he was twenty-five years of age that he began to write. For a good many years I used to watch the local papers and some of the London magazines for verses by Mr. Bell, sure always to find these instinct with poetic feeling expressed in musical phrase; but the "Wee Macgregor" sketches began to attract wide attention, and their publication in book-form was quite a romance of letters, no literary success of our time being so extraordinary as this, and I have fear that Mr. Bell has now almost forsaken the muse.

Some day, I feel sure, he will give us something better than any of the little books on which his popularity rests at present. Mr. Bell, like Mr. Munro, lives "doon the watter" (at Blairmore), as his "Mistress McLeerie" would say. This reminds me I have thus far omitted to observe that "Glasgow is a grand town for getting out of," without which remark no article on this subject would be thought complete!

Among other members of the Ballad Club,—of which Mr. Henry Johnston, author of that popular Scottish novel, *Kilmallie*, and other works of fiction, has been president since the death of Mr. Freedland,—is Mr. Robert Ford, who, although never a professional author, has done much excellent work on the lines of the late Dean Ramsay, in collecting Scottish anecdote and folk-lore. But he is not only an appreciator of humour, he is himself a humorist, and both in prose and verse he has produced many delightful examples of real Scots humour. His best-known book is *Thistledown*, wherein he has brought together the results of his studies in this

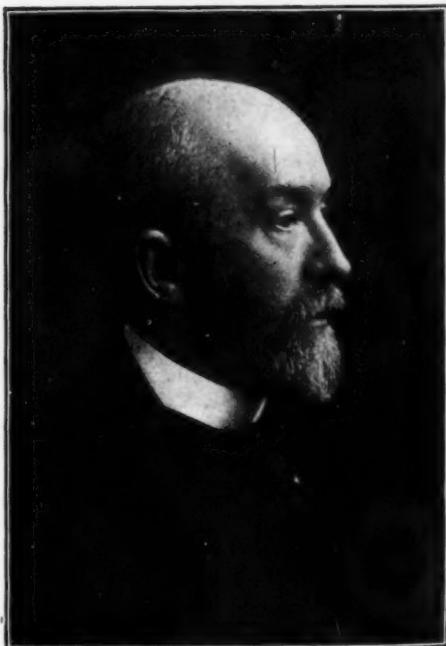


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WILLIAM WALLACE, M.A., LL.D.  
Assistant Editor of the *Glasgow Herald*

## Literary Glasgow: Past and Present

particular field of national literature; but his "Humorous Scotch Readings" have long been immensely popular in the north, and his remarkable command of the dialect led one of the Glasgow papers to describe him as "the very touziest of Doric humorists." A local writer who has done good work in the same field is Mr. Nicholas Dickson, author of "The Elder at the Plate," "The Auld Scotch Minister," and other popular character studies, but he is in no sense an original humorist like Mr. Ford or the late George Roy, whose amusing story of Glasgow life, *Generalship: or How I Managed my Husband*, was very popular twenty or thirty years ago, and new editions of which have appeared within the last few years. The author who used to write over the *nom de plume* of "Jeems Kaye," and whose work appeared originally in *The Bailie*, which is a sort of local *Punch*, is also a humorist of original capacity, and at one time his books were, comparatively speaking, as popular as Mr. J. J. Bell's are to-day.

Another member of the Ballad Club whose literary reputation ranks high, not only in his native land but throughout the United Kingdom, is Dr. William Wallace, assistant editor of the *Glasgow Herald* and author of many scholarly works. Dr. Wallace is younger brother of the late Dr. Robert Wallace, formerly editor of *The Scotsman*, and had been engaged in journalism in Edinburgh, Dumfries and London, before he became assistant to Dr. Charles Russell, editor of the *Herald* in 1889. He is one of our foremost authorities on the life and poetry of Robert Burns, and has written with true insight and much charm of style on old Scottish life, his *Scotland Yesterday* being one of the most delightful books of its kind. Dr. Wallace must be a prodigious worker, for his pen is constantly in evidence in the literary magazines, and he was for many years a regular con-

tributor to *The Academy*. Among his friends of the Ballad Club is Mr. George Eyre-Todd, one of the most accomplished of Scottish authors. Mr. Eyre-Todd has proved himself a scholarly editor of Scottish poetry and a poet of vision and musical expression. But to me he will always be the author of the *Sketch-Book of the North*, which, appearing first in 1890, revealed Mr. Eyre-Todd as a writer with a quite unusual gift for interpreting nature and depicting character. The literary flavour of that little book is racy of the northern soil, and although Mr. Eyre-Todd has written much since then, he has done nothing better. Two years ago he made a valuable contribution to local literature when he published "The Glasgow Poets." He was born in Glasgow in June 1862, but now resides at Balloch, "on the bonnie banks of Loch Lomond," resolved, I fancy, never again to attempt "the profession of literature" in stony-hearted Fleet Street, where in his youth and innocence he once essayed the struggle, with results which he describes in *Four Months of Bohemia*, one of the truest and most human sketches of literary London that I have read.



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MR. GEORGE EYRE-TODD

and facility of expression place him in the same category as Mr. Eyre-Todd, is Mr. Alexander Lamont, who has written many stories, sketches, and verses as "The Vicar of Deepdale." I am not aware that he has published anything in book form; but there is much charming work from his pen bound up in the old volumes of the *People's Friend* and other periodicals. The Rev. David Macrae, a brilliant writer with a keen sense of humour, who was long ago a reporter on the *Glasgow Herald*, and later minister of the Gilfillan Memorial Church at Dundee, has returned to live in Glasgow again. Perhaps Mr. Macrae's finest work was *The Americans at Home*, as genial and clever a study of our

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Transatlantic cousins as has appeared in our time; but his splendid temperance story, *George Harrington*, showed him a master of both humour and pathos, not less than the art of telling the tale: he might have been a successful novelist if he had cared. Mr. Macrae has many qualities recalling the late George Gilfillan, critic and divine, of whom he has written a very pleasant volume of "Anecdotes and Reminiscences."

Quite the most brilliant author that has arisen in Glasgow during the last ten years is the novelist known as "Benjamin Swift,"



Photo by

Elliott and Fry

"BENJAMIN SWIFT"

but he has been settled in London for some years now, and is not, I imagine, likely to return to live in his native town. He was still a resident of Glasgow when, in 1896, he made his first notable success in fiction with that very remarkable book, *Nancy Noon*. Mr. William Romaine Paterson, to give him his proper name, is the youngest son of a late eminent physician, and was educated at Lausanne and Glasgow University, where he graduated M.A. with first-class Philosophical Honours. No one who knows Mr. Paterson will admit that his books are any index of his extraordinary

ability; he is one of the most brilliant men in London to-day, his attainments in language and philosophy being almost unprecedented in one who is only thirty-three years of age on 29th of July. The convention of the novel is a thing for which, I am sure, he has a large measure of contempt; his trend of mind is all towards philosophy as exemplified in that masterly study *The Eternal Conflict*, published three years ago. Another bright product of the Glasgow University is Mr. John Buchan, who is also a scholar of Oxford, where he won the Newdigate Prize in 1898, and was President of the Union the following year. Mr. Buchan is best known, perhaps, by that powerful story, *John Burnet of Barns*, but although he has written nearly a dozen books in less than ten years he has not yet quite come into his kingdom. Mr. Buchan is assistant editor of *The Spectator*, a post he resigned for a time to serve as one of Lord Milner's private secretaries in South Africa. He was born at Perth in August 1875. Mr. John Davidson is yet another celebrated London author who lived for a time in Glasgow, where he was a teacher in Alexander's School, Duke Street; and Mrs. Mary Stuart Boyd, the wife of Mr. A. S. Boyd, artist, is almost the only lady novelist of reputation who hails from St. Mungo's city, but her writing has all been done during her residence of thirteen years in London.

An author who has made an enviable reputation within the last few years is the Rev. Henry Gray Graham, whose studies of Scottish life during the eighteenth century have won the highest praise from the most competent critics. Mr. Graham has been minister of Hyndland Church for twenty years. Dr. Charles Annandale is widely known by his admirable dictionaries, and as editor of encyclopædias published by Messrs. Blackie and Son of Glasgow, with which firm he has been associated for many years. Dr. Annandale is a Kincardineshire man and was educated at Aberdeen, but a great part of his life has been spent in Glasgow. Mr. Hamish Hendry, who came to London a few years ago, was, I believe, also connected with the literary side of Messrs. Blackie's flourishing business. He has written some charming books for young people. Professor Stalker, so long associated with Glasgow, where all his important books have been written, is now located at Aberdeen, and the town lost another literary

## Literary Glasgow: Past and Present

giant when Principal Edward Caird left in 1893 to become Master of Balliol College, though more recently it gained a critic of distinction when Professor Walter Raleigh took the chair of English Literature in 1900. He is one of the few critics of R. L. Stevenson who have added anything to the understanding of that genius; but he is, if we except Mr. Millar of Edinburgh, the most relentless opponent of the so-called Kailyaird school. His immediate predecessor in the chair, Dr. A. C. Bradley, now Professor of Poetry at Oxford, has never published a book, but the late Dr. John Nichol, who was himself a Glasgow man, and who held the chair for many years, shone both in poetry and in criticism. His work on "American Literature," issued in 1882, was his most ambitious, as his study of Carlyle, ten years later, was perhaps the finest evidence of his critical faculty. Mention must also be made of Mr. Robert Bird, a poet by token of his membership of the Ballad Club, who is widely known as author of *The Carpenter of Nazareth* and other admirably written Bible biographies. He is an accountant by profession.

Mr. A. Dewar Willock, who succeeded Mr. William Canton a good many years ago



Photo by

Warrenke

CHARLES G. RUSSELL, LL.D.

Editor of the *Glasgow Herald*



MR. A. DEWAR WILLOCK

Editor of the *Glasgow Weekly Herald*

as editor of the *Weekly Herald*, has given most of his energy to journalism, but he is favourably known as a humorist, and his delightfully amusing sketches of humble life, *Rosetty Ends* (a much happier title than *Thrums*), were published by Mr. David Douglas of Edinburgh before the Kailyaird "boom." Mr. Willock, while editing a paper in Aberdeen, wrote a little poem about Queen Victoria, entitled "She Noddit to Me," and the august subject of the lines "commanded" that the name of the author be sent to her. The verses were widely quoted, and I remember Mr. Willock's saying many years later that he had never again attempted verse, "for fear he might not reach his previous high standard." He has written a great deal for the London comic press, and in his hands the "Gossip and Grumbles" column of the *Evening News* soon reached that ideal of wit and sparkle towards which one feels that "By the Way" in the *Globe* is always vainly striving.

One can scarcely conclude an outline of literary Glasgow without a personal reference to the *Herald* and its scholarly editor. That newspaper is one of the greatest daily

## Literary Glasgow: Past and Present

journals in the country, and from the far-off days when it was edited by the celebrated Samuel Hunter it has been conducted with dignity and resource. Dr. Russell's predecessor in the editorial chair, the late Dr. Stoddart, was favourably known as a poet, but Dr. Russell, who had a wide experience of London and provincial journalism before joining the *Herald* as assistant editor in 1875, has been true to the old ideal of the journalist by refraining from publishing a book. He has now occupied the editorial chair for seventeen years, and in his hands the literary reputation of the *Herald* has steadily increased, until almost any London publisher will tell you that there is not in the Metropolis a newspaper whose judgment in the matter of books can be placed before that of the *Glasgow Herald*.

There is obviously no room in which to pursue my very agreeable subject further, else one might have had the pleasure of noting many of the literary landmarks of Glasgow, such as the United States Consulate in West George Street, where from 1880 to 1885 the late Bret Harte resided and wrote many of his famous stories; or in tracing Glasgow in fiction—for it figures frequently in the stories of William Black and Mrs. Oliphant, and sometimes in those of Bret Harte and even in Mr. Barrie's, while that well-known Scottish writer, "Sarah Tytler," has named one of her books "St. Mungo's City,"—but enough has been said to show that in literature as in municipal affairs the city's motto is well chosen—

"Let Glasgow Flourish!"

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## The Acadian Port Royal

BY EMILY P. WEAVER

**T**N this month of June, 1904, the little town of Annapolis in Nova Scotia has been celebrating the three-hundredth anniversary of the arrival of her founders. The settlement was founded before Jamestown in Virginia, before Quebec, or Boston, and, with the exception of some of the Spanish settlements in the south, is the oldest in North America.

The story of its foundation is like some intricate drama. The scene frequently changes from the court and the bustling seaports of France to Indian camps and hastily-built forts on the western shores of the Atlantic. Across the stage flit kings, great lords of France, gentlemen adventurers, traders, Jesuits, Huguenots, court ladies, English seamen, Indian sagamores. The motives impelling this motley company are as various as themselves, amongst them being greed of gain, love of adventure, religious zeal, impatience of old restraints, and a kind of savage patriotism.

In the year 1603, Henry IV. of France gave to a Huguenot nobleman, the Sieur de Monts, a patent for colonising a strip of territory in North America, lying between the 40th and 46th parallels of latitude and stretching indefinitely westward from the coast. The King endowed him also with

princely authority and with a monopoly of the fur trade.

De Monts, who was described by Samuel de Champlain, one of his company, as "a gentleman of great respectability, zeal, and honesty," immediately fitted out two ships and endeavoured to find colonists for a settlement in "L'Acadie." There was unfortunately a dearth of suitable emigrants, and he was forced to make up the required number with prisoners from the jails. His criminals gave him little trouble, however, and amongst his company were several gentlemen of high character.

Of these, Champlain, already mentioned, was perhaps most remarkable. He was about thirty-five years of age, and had led a life crowded with strange experiences and adventures. He had passed his youth at sea, had spent six years with the royal army in Brittany, and had visited the West Indies and South America. He was accustomed to write accounts of his travels, illustrating them with quaint drawings by his own hand. After the West Indian voyage, he lived for a time about the court, but the summer of 1603 found him on the St. Lawrence, where, five years later, he founded the city of Quebec. On returning to France, he cast in his lot with De Monts, and thus for the third time

## The Acadian Port Royal



ANNAPOLEIS, NOVA SCOTIA

within twelve months crossed the stormy Atlantic.

Champlain was a devout Roman Catholic, but religious differences did not prevent the leaders of the expedition working harmoniously together. On the other hand, the Huguenot ministers and Romish priests, of whom several had joined the party, fell on the voyage into a controversy so hot that at last arguments gave place to blows.

Besides De Mont and Champlain, the little vessel carried another man of note, who may perhaps be considered the real founder of Port Royal, though it chanced that he was not present when the first buildings were erected there. This was Jean de Biencourt, Baron de Poutrincourt. He too was a Roman Catholic. In the wars

of the League he had fought against Henry IV., and once, according to his friend Les-carbot, that king, when besieging him in his castle of Beaumont, had tried to buy his submission and allegiance with a dukedom. These were not to be bought, but when Henry was reconciled to the Romish Church, Poutrincourt became his loyal servant and soldier. In these wars the Baron won glory, but injured his fortunes. In 1608 he was living in poverty with his family on his estate of Saint-Just, and was doing his utmost to improve the cultivation of his lands, when he was visited by his old comrade, De Monts, who, knowing his courage and his agricultural tastes, was bent on persuading him to join in the Acadian enterprise. The proposal evidently appealed to



ANNAPOLEIS BASIN AND DIGBY GUT

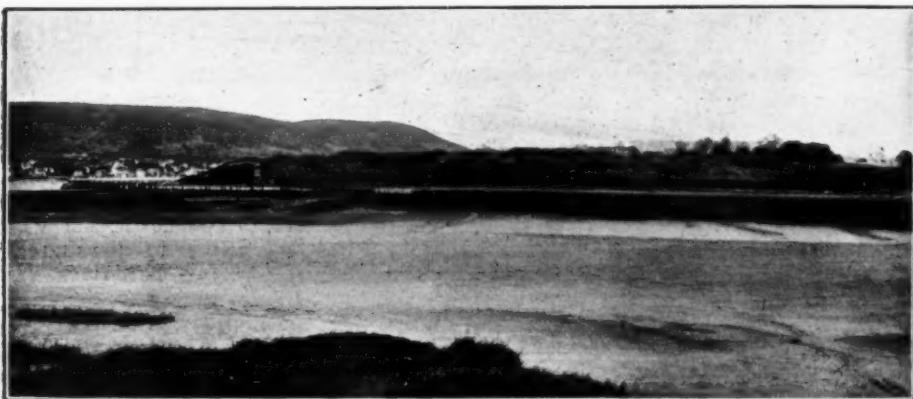
## The Acadian Port Royal

Poutrincourt; and, though he would pledge himself to nothing until he had seen the new country, he consented, probably with high hopes of retrieving his shattered fortunes, to make one of De Monts' first party.

The voyage was uneventful, but on the Acadian coast the explorers fell in with and seized a little vessel that was trading with the Indians in defiance of De Monts' monopoly. In grim jest they named the harbour, where their capture was made, Port Rossignol, after the captain of their prize, then they passed on to seek a place for settlement.

Feeling their way round the southern point of the peninsula, now known as Nova Scotia, they entered St. Mary's Bay. Here some of the men landed, and a young priest,

Probably the scene has lost little of its peaceful loveliness since that June day, three centuries ago, when the enthusiastic Frenchmen first listened to the music of its "thousand brooks," and feasted their eyes on its green slopes, purple-shaded hills, and glimmering blue waters, though now the shores of the Basin are dotted with many a quiet village besides the picturesque little town that marks the site of old Port Royal. Poutrincourt, seeking not wealth but some spot where he could make a home, cared to go no farther. Then and there he begged his friend, the lord of all this good land, to give the place to him. De Monts readily consented, and Poutrincourt, with a mind filled, as we can fancy, with bright visions of the future, named his new estate



OLD FRENCH FORT, ANNAPOLIS

Nicholas Aubry, wandering away from his fellows, was lost in the pathless woods. Search-parties hunted for him in vain, and at last his comrades sailed away without him, some charitable people suggesting that he must have been murdered by a Huguenot, with whom he had quarrelled on the voyage. For a fortnight the luckless Protestant lay under suspicion, then a party, sent back to seek iron and silver ore, found the priest, more than half-starved, near the spot where he had gone astray.

Some distance up the tumultuous Bay of Fundy, or French Bay (as those early travellers named it), a narrow opening in the hills flanking the western coast of the peninsula seemed to invite exploration, and, passing in, the adventurers found themselves on the still bosom of a beautiful landlocked bay.

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Port Royal. Alas, before all was done, he must have wished many a time that he had never seen it. Instead of being to him a peaceful haven, it proved a new storm-centre in his tempestuous life, and for over a century after he had reached his final rest, Port Royal was again and again the scene of strife. There Frenchmen fought against each other, against the English, or the "Bostonnais." There Englishmen had to guard their ramparts against the night-attacks of stealthy-footed red-men or Acadians. Within a hundred years Port Royal was five times taken by the English, and was four times relinquished. The last capture was in 1710, when, in honour of Queen Anne, the old fortress was re-named Annapolis Royal. The last siege did not occur till thirty-five years later.

But we have wandered far from our

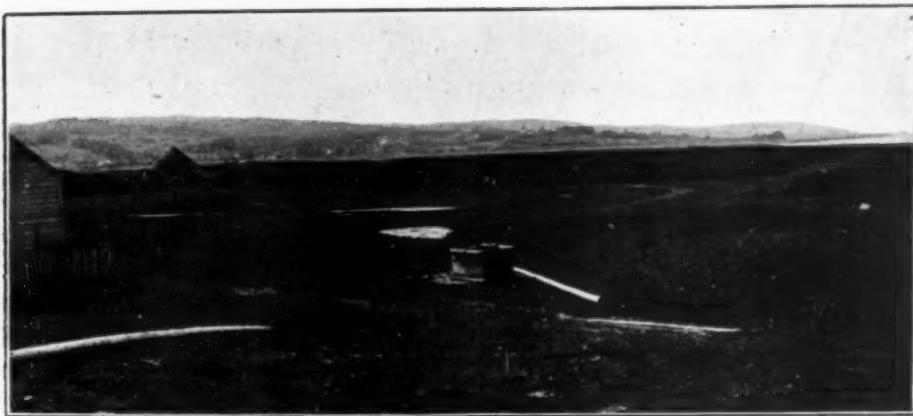
## The Acadian Port Royal

explorers. All this long history of strife and change was yet unwritten when Poutrincourt and his companions turned their backs on fair Port Royal, and sailed out again into the Bay of Fundy. Onward to the head of the gulf they swept with the mighty tide, and, reaching the country destined in after years to be known most widely to the world as the scene of the poet's tragic story of "Evangeline," they discovered what they thought valuable ores and gems. Returning, they sailed along the opposite shore of the bay, to the mouth of a great river, well named by the Indians the "high-way." But the French, entering it on the Baptist's Day, named it St. John, which name it still bears.

Hitherto the explorers had not decided

a human being appeared in sight. Then an Indian canoe shot out from the shore, the cannon of the fort thundered a noisy welcome, and a soldier came down to the beach. It appeared that but two men had been left in charge of the fort, while the rest, short of food and almost despairing of the long-looked-for assistance from France, had gone to seek help from the fishing-vessels on the coast. Strangely enough in that lonely country, the news of Poutrincourt's arrival travelled fast, and the wanderers soon returned.

Now, for a brief season, the sun seemed to beam upon Port Royal and its founders. They courageously accepted the disappointments and inconveniences of their lot, and made the best of things with a gaiety and



OLD FORT, ANNAPOLEIS: INTERIOR

on any place of settlement, but the summer was wearing away, and at last they pitched on a rocky island at the mouth of the St. Croix river, which now forms part of the boundary between New Brunswick and Maine. Its only merit was the ease with which it might have been defended, and the Frenchmen passed there so wretched a winter that nearly half their number died.

Poutrincourt, gone home to prepare for taking possession of his grant, escaped this bitter experience. Vexatious delays hindered his return; before he re-crossed the ocean in the spring of 1606, he heard that the whole colony had removed to Port Royal, and when he sailed up the Basin for the second time, the roof of a wooden fort peeped out from among the trees. But till he had almost gained the landing-place, not

light-heartedness characteristically French.

During these early days Port Royal did not lack historians. Champlain, in his book of *Voyages to New France*, had much to say, in his simple fashion, of the country and its products, and a little of his associates and their doings. His quaint "perspective" drawing of the "habitation" gives, however, a better idea than many words of the material conditions of the settlement. The cemetery, with its tall crucifix, to the right of the picture, hints at the sad side of life in the wilds; the moat and the bastions mounted with cannon, ever (according to the artist) puffing forth smoke, suggest its dangers; and the gardens, represented by the extraordinary geometrical designs in the foreground, testify to the brave determination of the colonists to subdue this western

## The Acadian Port Royal



"SALLY PORT," OLD FORT, ANNAPOLES

earth. But Champlain was not the only one of the company to leave a record of the settling of Port Royal. With Poutrincourt had come the advocate and author, Marc Lescarbot. He threw himself eagerly into all that was going on, and, besides doing much to keep up the spirits of the self-exiled Frenchmen, found time to make good use of his pen.

Poutrincourt, Champlain and Lescarbot set the example of filling every day with useful toil, and, while the good weather lasted, Port Royal was a busy place. The colonists dug and sowed and planted, collected turpentine, sought for ores, built a water-mill, and made a voyage of exploration in the hope of finding a place for settlement further south. They did not discover what they sought, and on this occasion came into collision with the Indians, though those about Port Royal were always friendly.

The voyagers consequently came back sad at heart, but Lescarbot, who had been left in charge of the "habitation," made their return an excuse for elaborate merry-making. When they disembarked, they found the gateway decked with evergreens and appropriate armorial devices, and were met by a procession of Neptune and his Tritons, who welcomed them in verses written for the occasion by the indefatigable master of the ceremonies.

When the dull, cold days came on, and the storms began to roar around their lonely fort, the Frenchmen only piled the great logs higher on the hearth and made a more determined effort to be gay. To ensure ample supplies of fish and game, Champlain hit on the ingenious device of forming "L'Ordre de Bon Temps," of which all the fifteen gentlemen of the company were members. Each in his turn became Grand Master, acting as host to the rest, and the friendly emulation as to which member should show himself most worthy of this high dignity resulted in much hunting and fishing that might not otherwise have been done. During the winter the French never lacked guests, for a tribe of Indians had camped beside the fort, and every day a troop of men, women and children crowded into the hall to see the white chiefs dine, and to receive as their share of the feast the great luxury of a piece of bread or biscuit. But their chief, old Membertou, had a regular place at the board.

These courtesies did not go unrewarded. The Miemaes about Port Royal became deeply attached to the French. At first, however, the latter took little pains to bring these heathen Indians into the fold of Christianity, though missionary work was always put forward as one of the chief reasons for the attempt to colonise New

## The Acadian Port Royal

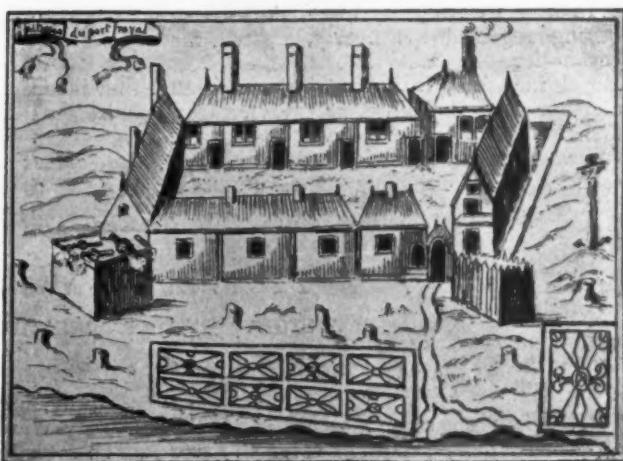
France. Perhaps in this case the French felt that lack of priests rendered their negligence excusable, for, by this time, there was not one ecclesiastic with the party, though the settlers did not altogether forget their religious duties. The day's routine always began with prayers, and in default of any recognised religious instructor, Poutrincourt asked the versatile advocate to act as a kind of chaplain. Lescarbot accepted the responsibility, congratulating himself on his forethought in having brought his Bible.

In the spring of 1607 everything at Port Royal seemed flourishing and full of promise, when an unexpected turn of events ruined all. One morning when the French were at prayers, a ship sailed into the harbour, bringing the news that De Monts had lost his monopoly, and had therefore no means of supporting the colony longer.

The blow was crushing, but, after long musing, Poutrincourt declared that he would not give up the enterprise. He had not then the means to keep the colonists, however, and it was speedily decided that for the present they must all return to France. In 1610 Poutrincourt went back to Port Royal, taking with him some members of his family.

The Indians had kept their promise, and, during his absence of two years and a half, had faithfully guarded the fort and all it contained.

So far all was well; but the gay old times of jollity and plenty were gone for ever, and this new chapter of the history of Port Royal is sadder and gloomier than the first. Poutrincourt had been reproached for making so little effort for the religious instruction of his heathen friends, and two Jesuits had desired to accompany him to Port Royal. Giving them the slip, he had brought a secular priest, and with the least possible delay set him to the work of Christianising the savages. Poutrincourt and his eldest son Charles de Biencourt both acted as interpreters for the missionary, and amongst them they soon persuaded old Membertou, though thought to be over



FROM CHAMPLAIN'S SKETCH OF PORT ROYAL

a hundred years of age, to submit to baptism. Being warrior, soothsayer, and medicine-man, as well as chief, he had great influence, and on St. John Baptist's day, the sagamore and twenty of his kinsfolk were baptised in the harbour of Port Royal. They were named after the King and royal family of France, and the ceremony, apparently regarded by the red-men as a magical rite, was concluded with a great firing of guns from the fort. Membertou wished to undertake a crusade to force the neighbouring Indians to become Christians too, and young Biencourt was sent in hot haste to France to report the marvellous success of the mission. But the news only stimulated the ardour of the Jesuits, and when, after many delays and misadventures, Biencourt returned to Acadia, he was accompanied by two of the fathers, who had been liberally provided with money by the ladies of the court.

For the next few years the history of Port Royal is to be gleaned chiefly from the famous Jesuit *Relations*. Soon De Monts sold his rights in Acadia to a court lady, Madame de Guercheville, who was devoted to the Jesuits. She also obtained a huge grant from the King, and thus, in her name, the Jesuits became owners of the whole of New France, except Port Royal, to which, in spite of dire misfortunes, Poutrincourt still clung.

His affairs were becoming daily more and more embarrassed, and, on going to France to obtain necessities for his colony, lie was thrown into prison for debt.

## The Acadian Port Royal

In the following spring, Poutrincourt, having regained his liberty, crossed the ocean for the last time to find Port Royal in ashes, it having been pillaged and burnt by Captain Argall, a Virginian, and his people living like Indians in the woods. In despair, he sailed back to France, and rejoining the royal army,

died a soldier's death in the year 1616. His son, Biencourt, refused to leave Acadia, and there he spent the short remainder of his life. He partially rebuilt Port Royal, and, in after years, it was long the capital of the province, first under French, then under English rule.

## A Tangled Web

A STORY OF POOR RELATIONS

BY G. B. STUART

### CHAPTER VIII

THE London season waned, and the end of July saw the George Christys at Champneys, their country house in Sussex. During the last few weeks of their stay in town, they had seen scarcely anything of their Canadian relations. "Such a rush as the girls are always in at the last," explained Mrs. George to her sister-in-law, whom she met accidentally one morning in Regent Street, "they are so popular, everybody wants them! By the bye, when do you return to Canada?"

"Oh, not for a long time yet," said Mrs. Robert, ignoring the inference. "We have taken—that is, we are going into the country too. Robert has such a wish to see something of country life and English scenery. We have found a place in Sussex."

"Ah, very nice," assented Mrs. George absently, and bowing alertly to a carriage that passed. "There are lots of nice places, very reasonable too, if you get a little off the beaten track, and I don't suppose you or the Brandys care about a fashionable neighbourhood."

"Not particularly—you see, we shall have our own good company with us wherever we go," answered Mrs. Robert Christy coolly. "But you go to your country house as usual, don't you?—and isn't Champneys somewhere in Sussex too?"

"Yes, of course, but quite the other part of the county," stammered Mrs. George, escaping to her carriage and leaving the Colonial lady of Irish extraction in fits of inextinguishable laughter upon the pavement, in front of Liberty's window. "The funniest thing you ever heard in your life, Robert," she said, detailing the story to her husband, "considering that I had never mentioned where we were going at all."

"Silly, impudent woman," said Robert Christy-Wardell; "if I wasn't so fond of, or so sorry for poor old George, I'd refuse ever to speak to her again."

"Never mind, dear; when she finds us settled as her nearest neighbours she will be quite sufficiently punished; and you know I am really fond of the boy Georgie, and of little Elaine!"

"Mater, we really must go and call on these American people at Thormanby this very afternoon," announced May Christy, looking up from the pages of the *World*, which had come in at breakfast-time. "Listen, 'The Marquis of Headport has left 177, Belgrave Square, on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Christy-Wardell, at Thormanby Park;' and here again, 'Sir James and Lady Stapylton and Mr. Jack Stapylton will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wardell, at Thormanby Park, during the Thormanby cricket week.' We must get in with that set this year, if we are to have any fun at all; Yankees do know how to make things hum in the country!"

"We'll go this very afternoon. It is odd their having our name; can there be any connexion, papa? Anyway, it makes an amusing little link at the outset of our acquaintance."

"I believe there is some connexion, but not through the Christys; I remember Robert said his wife was a Miss Wardell, and had something to do with these people."

"Something very remote, I should say; why, these people at Thormanby are the millionaires," put in Frank. "I'll drive you over, mater, if you like. I'm on in this piece. I've rather a fancy for some shooting at Thormanby this season."

So, in the afternoon, the wagonette from Champneys, driven by Master Frank, drew

## A Tangled Web

up at the door of Thormanby. There had been a squabble between Amy and May as to which should accompany their mother, and it had ended in their both doing so. Frank threw the reins to the groom and followed the ladies in, when the butler announced that Mrs. Christy-Wardell was at home, and a succession of footmen in livery carried their names forward to the drawing-room door.

"Mrs. George Christy, the Misses Christy, Mr. Frank Christy!" The door of the long drawing-room was thrown open, and at the further end of the rose-scented, satin-furnished vista, a small figure rose to receive them—a little, stout lady, with a smilingly familiar face, and gold-rimmed spectacles, though her dress was of costly silk, and her fingers glittered with diamonds.



"BUT QUITE THE OTHER PART OF THE COUNTY," STAMMERED MRS. GEORGE, ESCAPING TO HER CARRIAGE

## A Tangled Web

"Mary! and the girls, and Frank, this is delightfully kind of you—you are almost our first visitors," said Mrs. Christy-Wardell, coming forward to greet them.

"Mrs. War—Mrs. Robert!—Aunt Maria!" in different tones of astonishment and dismay, while Frank muttered "Great Scott!" under his moustache.

"Are you—are you staying here?" ejaculated Mrs. George Christy desperately. "George said you were some connexion of the Christy-Wardells, and we came, that is, we—" Mrs. George floundered lamentably; she did not know her ground.

"Do sit down, all of you. Lady Stapylton and I are alone this afternoon, the gentlemen have all gone off on a fishing excursion," explained Mrs. Christy-Wardell. "You come here, Mary, by me. Why, where is Lady Stapylton? She was here a moment ago!"

May and Amy had seen her ladyship's agile but dignified escape by the French window.

"I don't understand—are you staying with these Wardells, then?" repeated their mother, heedless of the violent signs that her son was making to explain the situation.

"I am Mrs. Christy-Wardell—Wardell is my maiden name, and Robert took it for business purposes, and to please my dear father," said the hostess. "But when we first came to England we only called ourselves Christy, because we were strangers to English life, and did not want to be overwhelmed just at first with too many new friends. You see, Robert has had business relations with so many influential people here, and if we hadn't presented ourselves at first *incog.* we should have just been swamped in new acquaintances, and have had no time or opportunity for getting to know our own people! We were shy too, and did not quite know the ropes in London. After we had 'found ourselves,' so to speak, we did not mind it coming out that we were the famous Turbine people!"

She ended her little explanation with a laugh, but for the first time she realised that the ruse she and her husband had innocently practised, might have disagreeable consequences. Mrs. George Christy's face had become a shade of grey-green as the story ran on; when it finished she rose from her chair.

"I am afraid I do not quite follow you. I am a very plain-spoken woman myself, and I place truth above everything. I can

hardly believe that my husband's brother intentionally agreed to deceive all his family as to his position, circumstances, and his very name, so I suppose I must consent to consider this as the very poor joke of an Irish—"

"Oh, bosh! mater," said Frank, cutting in, slantly it is true, but with an opportune heartiness; he was not going to let the Thormanby covert-shooting be lost for a silly misunderstanding of this sort. "I can quite understand my uncle's feeling. Any one who knows the City as I do, can see what a horrid bore it would have been for a man like him to have been rushed into the middle of the London season as 'Wardell's Turbine,' without a little preparation. Why, you could buy up the lot of us over here, couldn't you?" he asked with exquisite taste, turning to his aunt. "Anyway, you've dropped on a good thing in getting Thormanby, and it'll be very jolly for us at Champneys to have you for neighbours."

What was Mrs. George Christy to do when her own flesh and blood turned upon her like this? She had sunk back into her chair at a tug from May, who was nearest to her, and she now stammered something about the Irish love of a joke, which her hostess took with a smile. "I won't play any more practical jokes in England, I promise you, Mary," she said penitently. "Indeed, though, when you come to think this one over quietly, you'll see that it was innocent enough. We are so terribly rich, you see, and people do worry us, especially Robert, so on that account we never have any privacy or get a chance of making real friends, because of our horrid money. Not but what I don't like it immensely," and she laughed heartily, and looked across at May and Amy. "You must come over here a great deal, girls, and bring Georgie and Elaine; we want all the young people we can get together, to fill this big house. The Brandys, your aunt, and Karen and Robin, are arriving this evening, and to-morrow a lot more—some Canadian friends amongst others. Your daughters must come and show our Colonials what English girls are like," smiling at Mrs. George as she spoke.

Two or three footmen were arranging tea, and Lady Stapylton appeared through the open French window; she shook hands so graciously with the visitors, that again Mrs. George Christy felt the world was going round with her. With such forces

## A Tangled Web

arrayed on the other side, she could not do less than lay down her arms, with what dignity was left her. And presently tea was in full swing; May Christy, by her aunt's request, taking charge of the teapot, and Frank handing plates and cups and hot-house peaches, with that wonderful oblivion of self-satisfied youth to the fact that the last time he had seen "Aunt Maria," he had patronised her most impertinently.

By and by, before the meal was finished, the fishing party came straggling in, full of the discovery of an exquisite little chalk trout stream on the further side of Thormanby water. Mrs. George rallied herself feebly to meet her husband's brother, and reiterated in less faltering tones her little set sentence about their practical joke. She managed to imply that they had guessed something of the truth, and had come over from Champneys at the earliest opportunity, to welcome their relatives to Sussex; and neither Lady Stapylton nor Mrs. Christy-Wardell, who overheard the laboured explanation, cared to annoy "Turbine Wardell" by upsetting it.

"What does it matter how she explains things?" the two ladies agreed afterwards. "The great matter is that we should be friends all round," said Mrs. Maria; "I want everything to go smoothly with Robert's relations."

The Marquis of Headport was a good-looking, middle-aged widower, who divided his time between the study of International Law and the cultivation of bees; finding that Miss Amy Christy apparently knew nothing of either of these subjects, he took a seat beside her, and descended for twenty minutes on the latter topic, and when the Champneys party rose at last to go, he told her mother that she was to be congratulated on the possession of so intelligent a daughter.

This somewhat tended to soothe Mrs. George Christy's ruffled feelings; angry and sore and jealous as she was at the discovery of Thormanby Park in the hands of Robert's dowdy wife, there was certainly some compensation in the fact that unattached Marquises were to be met there, and that her girls were free to visit there as much as they liked.

"I shall not trouble Mrs. Robert, whatever her name is, much myself," decided she, "but I won't stand in the way of the children;" and seeing that Jack Stapylton was handing May her gloves and parasol,

she flung out a vague invitation to Champneys to every one present, as her brother-in-law led her to the door. But Robert, though outwardly very courteous, was firmly determined that Mrs. George should eat humble pie.

"Caroline will be here to-morrow, you must come over and call on her and Karen," he said; "Maria shall arrange a day for you to come and meet them," and he handed his sister-in-law into her carriage.

### CHAPTER IX

A VERY different little scene was enacted on the arrival of Mrs. Brandys and her daughter. Maria Christy-Wardell had conceived a very true affection for her pretty, gentle sister-in-law, who had borne many reverses with the quiet, uncomplaining fortitude of a Christian gentlewoman; but the Colonial lady's whole heart was given to Karen, the courageous, the brown-eyed, fearless girl who was so like her Uncle Robert in face and speech and bearing, that his wife, looking at her, sighed for the daughter whom it had never been her happiness to possess. Karen Brandys, without having ever seen them to imitate, had all the specially noticeable characteristics of her mother's brother; she had the same free carriage, the same independent walk, the same quick habit of clasping her hands behind her as she talked, looking up unhesitatingly at her companion, and preferring standing to sitting when interested in argument.

These were little distinctive ways which had earned for Robert Christy-Wardell the nickname of "the Earl" in the Dominion, where, above everything personal, distinction of appearance and manner counts to its possessors; the name had not yet reached England in connexion with Karen's uncle, but wherever Aunt Maria saw Karen afresh, the title, "an Earl's daughter," rose to her mind, and sometimes brought tears to her eyes as well. But now they were tears of thankfulness, not of bitterness, as in the old days when the childless woman so keenly felt the longing for a daughter on whom to lavish the wealth that seemed to double itself every year. Since her introduction to Karen and Robin Brandys, to Elaine and Georgie Christy, the affectionate big heart of Maria Christy-Wardell had been almost satisfied with the possibilities of giving happiness that opened out before

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her. The great turbine fortune which she had brought her husband would become more than tolerable, it would be actually desirable now that her husband's "young people" were here to enjoy it with her.

She had meant to drive down to the station to meet the Brandys party, but the visit of the George Christys had rendered that impossible, and the carriage had to start without her; however, she was still in time to receive them at the lodge gates, and making an excuse to Lady Stapylton, the husband and wife started down the avenue together, to intercept their guests.

The strain of the afternoon, and the so barely averted disagreeables of Mrs. George Christy's visit, had tried Aunt Maria more than she knew. She was glad to hold her tall husband's arm as she confided to him the story of the last few hours, reproducing with unconscious Irish humour the voices and manner of the different members of the Christy family. "Indeed, Robert dear, I begin to see that we've been playing rather a dangerous game, and if it's anybody's fault it's mine, for I know, from the first you and Mr. Stapylton too thought it unwise to hide our real position, and this afternoon we were very near coming to a disaster with your brother's wife, and for that I'd never have forgiven myself all the days of my life!"

But Robert soothed her, and made light of her mistake, as a good husband is bound to do when his wife is downcast. "Never mind, dear one, it is over now, and even if it wasn't the wisest thing in the world, it was your own fancy and wish, and you were perfectly free to follow it if you chose! Anyway, you need not fear from the Brandys any repetition of the Christys' dissatisfaction; I think we are safe with Caroline and Karen, and if young Robin pulls a long face, we will ask him to shrive us, he has a touch of the priest about him which will respond to such an appeal as that, I am sure;" and with such cheerful reassurance the kindly Colonial strove to raise his wife's drooping spirits as they waited side by side at the lodge gates. And here was the carriage driving in, and pulling up as the coachman perceived his master. Robin's long clerical black legs were out in a moment, and Karen was quickly after him, lifting a smiling face to meet her uncle's kiss; Mrs. Christy-Wardell was at the carriage-door, kissing and welcoming her sister-in-law.

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"Have we arrived? What a sweet place!" cried Mrs. Brandys, glancing in admiration at the red-brick lodge, with its picturesque dormer windows and its background of green limes and copper beeches; the garden in front was ablaze with the autumn brilliancy of hollyhocks, zinnias, and phloxes, and, in truth, a prettier country retreat than the West Lodge at Thormanby Park could not well be imagined.

"Shall I get out?" Mrs. Brandys demanded. "Dear Maria, what possessed you to order this big private carriage to fetch us?—and a cart for our luggage too! We could have taken a fly quite well—such a party as we have come to you! We didn't expect to be met, and could have found our own way quite easily."

Mrs. George Christy might have used the same words, in a very different sense; Mrs. Brandys, accustomed to slip through the world giving trouble to nobody, was quite overwhelmed by the extra effort which she believed her reception to have involved.

"Dearest Caroline, Robert and I are only vexed that we were not there on the platform to receive you. Some visitors detained us this afternoon, until it was too late for us to get to the station! And we walked down so far to meet the carriage."

"Then isn't this your home?" interrupted Mrs. Brandys, disappointed.

"This is only one of the lodges," Mrs. Maria said lamely.

"And you have taken another? Do we drive further, or shall I get out and walk? Are we allowed to go through this beautiful place? Why, you have no bonnet on, only—my dear, what exquisite lace! I suppose then we are close to your lodgings?"

"Well, yes, we are, in a way," stammered Mrs. Christy-Wardell, laughing and blushing like a girl; "the fact is—here, Karen and Robin, do come and help me make my little confession to your mother, and give me absolution, for, like many other stupid people, I meant well! The fact is, dear ones, we are not living in any of the lodges, nor in country apartments at all; we have taken Thormanby Park on lease, and this is just the entrance to the property! For although Robert and I are such humdrum, homely people we are very well off, and we want to spend our money so that we and as many others as possible shall get enjoyment out of it, and so we welcome you to a big country house instead of a

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little one, and hope you will try and like it just as well. Don't scold me, any of you, for what looks like a piece of deception; I never meant it for anything more than a little joke, but I have been learning, to-day, that such jokes are sometimes unwise, and if *you* look upon it in that light I'm certain I shall begin to cry!"

There was a moment's gasping silence as Mrs. Maria made her confession; Mrs. Brandys sitting forward in the big carriage and looking in puzzled wonder to right and left—at the broad, green stretches of the park, the long lime avenue, the broad liveried back of the coachman, and the statuesque form of the footman drawn up immovable at a discreet distance; but it was Karen's clear, soft voice that broke the tension of the situation.

"It is the best joke I have ever heard in my life, dearest aunty!" she said, stooping swiftly to kiss Mrs. Christy-Wardell's flushed and anxious face. "I can't take it all in, in a minute, but it is splendid! Splendid of you to come among us just like one of ourselves, and to make friends with us in our own way, and splendid that now you know us, you want to make us share with you all your beautiful things!"

It was a very different reception of her little ruse than Mrs. George Christy's had been, and Aunt Maria came very near to the tears of which she had spoken. There was a good deal of indiscriminate kissing between the three ladies, and then Uncle Robert suggested that he and Robin should walk on towards the house, and that the ladies should drive. Karen Brandys was of that active temperament that always prefers walking to being driven, but with ready tact she assented, and took the seat opposite her mother and aunt. "Aunty, I am not going to walk an inch while I am here! I am going to drive everywhere! You will see what a fine lady you have got for a niece, and how easily she can adapt herself to the ways of smart people!"

That well-bred acceptance of the situation, which might have proved critical, and which still held Mrs. Brandys' tongue tied for a space, forged a new bond between Karen and her aunt not to be lightly broken.

Jack Stapylton was smoking a cigarette on the terrace as the carriage turned the corner of the house, and clattered under the archway at the front door. He came forward to greet Miss Brandys, and to be

introduced to her mother; then glancing at the smiling faces of his hostess and her niece, the question broke from him—

"Well, Mrs. Christy-Wardell, is the murder out?"

"Indeed and it is, and, what is more, I'm forgiven for it!" she answered, with a beaming glance all round.

"Of course; why should you not be? You see," turning to Karen Brandys, as her mother preceded them into the hall, "I knew this terrible secret all along, ever since I came across in the *Titanic* with your uncle and aunt, and very, very often I have been on the point of letting it slip! And lately Mrs. Christy-Wardell has——"

"Stop, please, a moment!" Karen begged, "you have let something slip that I don't understand! You must remember that I only knew they were very rich people five minutes ago, at the lodge gate, and now you call them by a new name. Does it mean that they are the great Canadian millionaires—the Turbine inventors, or patentees that your father, Sir James, was talking about one day at lunch in Montagu Square?"

"The very same!"

Karen turned swiftly round and ran across the gravel to where her uncle stood with Robin, pointing out the distant blue line of the sea; she thrust her arm through his, and interrupted his explanation. "Uncle Robert, how could you keep us all in the dark as to who you were?"

"My dear, it was a fancy of your aunt's, and, after all, money doesn't make such a great difference."

"Oh, I don't mean about the money!" she broke in again, "I mean—oh, you must let me say it! How could you keep from us that you were the man you are?—the man who has done so much for the Colony of his adoption, who has been foremost in all the greatest and best work, not with money alone, but with interest and help, and personal example!—the man, in fact, who is known all over the world as one of the best and bravest of empire-makers!"

She had thrown back her head, and clasped her hands behind her as she warmed to her little speech; with her resolute, buoyant figure and proudly-carried head she looked, Jack Stapylton thought, like the embodiment of the spirit of a young and ardent colony.

"Miss Brandys heard my father talking about you one day at our house, sir," he

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put in; "it was before my step-mother and Mrs. Christy-Wardell became acquainted, and I had hard ado to hold my tongue while my father held forth; though indeed he said nothing behind your back that he wouldn't repeat to-night to your face! He was very much interested in some of your railway pioneering work, and talked sufficiently lucidly for once, in spite of the temptation to be technical, to make your niece share his enthusiasm."

"And after that, whenever I saw scraps about Mr. Christy-Wardell in the papers I always made a point of reading them, and of trying to draw Sir James into talking about him," Karen confessed. "Once, too, I asked Aunt Maria if she had ever met him, and she admitted that he was a 'sort of connexion by marriage,' but I fancied she didn't want to pursue the subject."

"Oh, isn't that like her, sir?" Jack Stapylton cried, and even Robin Brandys' serious face relaxed at this revelation of aunt's innocent duplicity. The young parson had been a little bewildered by the discovery of his relatives' wealth, and knowing them less intimately than his sister, had maintained a somewhat constrained demeanour.

"Hope he isn't going to turn out a prig?" said Stapylton to himself; "if he does he is not worthy of being his sister's brother!" And while Karen strolled towards the terrace with her uncle's arm fast held, he accosted Robin with a hearty "Are you a fisherman, Mr. Brandys? We found a capital trout stream this morning, and I can hardly wait for to-morrow to try my luck in it! It is a good way off, across the Thormanby water which is on the further side of the estate, and to-day when we were prospecting the place we came on it accidentally, and unprovided with our tackle, but if you are game for an excursion to-morrow, I'm your man!"

Robin's solemn face lightened.

"I should like it, above all things. I'm not in practice, for I haven't seen a stream since I took my London curacy, two years ago, but I don't think my hand has lost its cunning. I suppose this is a very large place? I confess it has staggered me rather to find my uncle is such a great man. I do not know him as intimately as my sister does, and this little plan of theirs of hiding their identity as the great Christy-Wardells has confused me, and made me feel that I

am an interloper here. Women can adapt themselves more quickly than we do"—he looked at Jack with a boyish, ingenuous smile—"but I am not accustomed to all this sort of magnificence, and I'm sorely tempted to get back to my own diggings as quickly as I can!"

"Nonsense!" said Stapylton kindly. "Take my advice and make friends with your uncle and aunt, they are very well worth it, apart from their wealth, as you will soon find out for yourself. I felt when I met them again on the *Titanic* that they were people it was a privilege to know; whether this little ruse of your aunt's was the wisest way of introducing themselves is no matter now—she herself is so charming that an introduction, however effected, is a gain. Forget this little episode till you can look upon it in the light of the joke which she intended it to be, and let her and your uncle see that you are ready to enjoy all the good things that they are so eager to share with you. You don't mind me giving you this bit of advice, do you?"

"Not at all! I'm awfully obliged," Robin said heartily. "I expect you'll have to give me a lot more if we go out fishing together to-morrow, and I hope you will!"

### CHAPTER X

AND now began a series of friendly communications between Champneys and Thormanby Park, which proved to all the neighbourhood that blood is indeed thicker than water, and that the English Christys and their Colonial relations, the Canadian and world-famous Christy-Wardells, were united by the warmest ties of kinship and mutual interest.

Mr. George Christy quickly saw the expediency of going over to the Park to call in person upon his brother and upon Mrs. Brandys; he, for once, asserted his authority, and insisted that his wife should accompany him, notwithstanding that her first call had not yet been returned.

"We are bound to welcome them all to this part of the country," he decided, "and Robert might overlook a slight to himself, but would never forgive one to Caroline."

"They seem to be bent on turning Karen Brandys' head," grumbled Mrs. George; "asking her there with the Stapyltons, and flinging her at young Stapylton's head; but people in society don't generally

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let their sons marry the governess, and I shall not be surprised if your sister-in-law, with her Radical-American notions, gets a good snub from Lady Stapylton for her pains!"

Nevertheless, Mrs. George went again to Thormanby with her husband, and Mrs. Christy-Wardell, accompanied by her widowed sister-in-law, quickly returned the visit without any formal loss of time. The young people met constantly, and as a large and pleasant party assembled at the larger house, the George Christys were included in every gaiety that its entertainment entailed.

"Are you happy at last in the spending of your money?" Robert Christy-Wardell asked his wife, sitting down beside her on the sofa in her own writing-room, where they kept up an old-fashioned habit of meeting every day for half-an-hour's quiet chat before the dressing-gong sounded for dinner. "You have got a houseful of relations and friends, and all their most intimate interests, hobbies, and charities to expend your activities as well as your money upon. Are you beginning to be satisfied that your talent is no longer hid away in a napkin?"

They were an elderly couple, and Maria Christy-Wardell was only a little grey-haired woman with a round, rosy face and gold-rimmed spectacles, but the look of affection that she gave her husband would not have misbecome a bride.

"Oh, Robert, what a happy woman you have made me—bringing me to this beautiful English home, and giving me all these dear people to love! Caroline Brandys is my sister, and I never had a sister till now! Karen and Robin, and Elaine and Georgie are like my own children. Your brother George is a good fellow when you get to know him, and the girls and Frank improve greatly too. They are all your family—I owe all to you, and—"

"My dear, you owe a good deal to your fortune, and that was yours to start with, before ever I came on the scene," said her husband, who was very loyal to the Wardell connexion. "Not the love of the Brandys' family—that we know is independent of wealth—but from the others I fear you have had a good deal of disagreeable treatment as well as Elaine's and Georgie's devotion. However, I'll admit that some of the George Christys have improved and ripened in the sun of our

prosperity, and I fancy if Headport continues to study bee-culture with Amy as assiduously as he was doing in the kitchen garden just now as I came through, we may end in earning Mary Christy's entire forgiveness. What do you think?"

"Amy? Your niece and Lord Headport? You don't mean that there is anything in that direction?"

"Why not? I've fancied it for the last week, and you will observe that there is never any difficulty about Amy accepting an invitation when it is sometimes impossible to find Elaine disengaged—your attention has been occupied somewhere else."

"Well, it has," his wife confessed frankly; "I've been watching Karen, and wondering if she begins to see how interested Jack is in her every movement; and I've been studying Robin's grave face and thinking that an energetic young London clergyman wants a wife to help him, if only to remember his meal hours and his overcoat, and that Elaine thinks so too! I've quite missed your busy bees in the kitchen garden, but if anything should come of that, it would be really a capital match for them both; he wants a pleasant society wife to rouse him out of dreamy, scientific ways, and even Mrs. George would be content with the Marquis of Headport for her eldest daughter, and perhaps would take the ban off poor little Elaine's romance in consequence."

"Has she laid a ban on Elaine's romance, and what is it? Or rather, what are they? Romance and ban too?"

"Elaine is in love with Robin as evidently as Robin is in love with Elaine. I have guessed it ever since that afternoon when we had tea in Kensington Gardens. But her mother guesses it too, and that is why Elaine is so often engaged when we ask her here. Don't think me ill-natured, Robert, but Mrs. George doesn't like the idea of Robin as a match for her youngest girl, chiefly because Robin is a favourite of ours, or rather mine! Isn't there some way here in England of buying a young clergyman a living, or a canonry or something good, so as to make him eligible as a husband? I'm sure we could pay for it gladly, and Robin deserves everything we can get for him—he is the most unselfish young man I've ever known in my life!"

Mr. Christy-Wardell laughed heartily

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at his wife's primitive notions of Church preferment.

"I'm sure he deserves Elaine, and that is saying a good deal, for she is a dear little girl; but he will have to work his way to the front like other men, and I don't doubt he will. When things are a little more advanced we might see what can be done; if he chooses to confide in you, dear, you might give him a hint that we should be pleased to help, and that he needn't have scruples about proposing on the score of his mother. Caroline is my care now, and I mean to tell Karen and Robin that I shall make her a settlement, so that their earnings need no more contribute to her support. So that is why Elaine's coming here has been stopped lately, and why Robin and Georgie have gone about together so dismally inseparable? If you can't get the Rose, I suppose you have to put up with the Rose's Eton brother! eh, Maria?"

"I don't know, dear—I never had an Eton brother," Mrs. Christy-Wardell answered a little absently. "It is a great responsibility bringing all these young people together, and if Jack Stapylton has any snobbish feelings about Karen having been his little sisters' governess——"

"But he hasn't, surely? Stapylton's a gentleman, if I know one," interrupted her husband.

"Of course he is, and I have no doubts of him, but Mrs. George said something to Caroline about the awkwardness of their meeting here so intimately, and I am afraid Caroline may have hinted something to the dear girl. I fancied since yesterday her behaviour towards Jack had changed in the slightest degree, hardly perceptible to any one except interested parties like Jack and myself."

"Probably if he feels it, it will bring matters to a crisis," said Mr. Christy-Wardell reassuringly. He wanted his wife to enjoy her position as benefactress and good fairy to all these young people, but he knew that her impulsive Irish nature must necessarily sometimes land her in disappointments, and he was always ready to soothe over a failure or clear away a misunderstanding from the path of the woman whom he loved as fondly to-day as on their marriage morning. "Perhaps Headport and Amy, who are my discovery, will set light to these other flames, and—Why, what is that?"

That was a rattle of small gravel against the window of the boudoir which Mrs. Christy-Wardell kept exclusively for her own use. It was a turret offshoot from her bedroom, and a romantic winding stone staircase led to the garden beneath from its rose-garlanded balcony. Her husband opened the long window, and stepped out to find Robin Brandys just below, and half-way up the stone stairway.

"Are you there, Uncle Robert? I thought I should find you with Aunt Maria just now. Can you spare me a few minutes?"

"To be sure. Why do you come like a thief in the night, and make us nervous with a handful of gravel? Come up, won't you?—your aunt's here, and we were just talking about you."

"Were you? No, I won't come any nearer. The fact is, uncle, Georgie Christy is ill, and I'm afraid it may prove something infectious. He hasn't been well for some days, but he made light of it. To-day while we were out fishing he got faint and queer, and Stapylton and I took him into that little empty lodge on the east side of the Thormanby water. We made up a bed for him there of rugs and things, and he got so suddenly light-headed that Stapylton fetched the doctor at once before coming up to tell you, or alarm the house. The doctor is with him now, and I came to tell you without frightening any one else. I'm not sure that I ought to come near any one, because I've been with him very constantly of late, and the doctor thinks—well, that it is dangerous."

"Is it smallpox he fears?" asked Aunt Maria, leaning over her husband's shoulder.

"Yes," nodded Robin. "He isn't certain, of course, but it looks like it, and we must all three be in quarantine till it declares itself or blows over. Stapylton agrees with me that we had better set up at the lodge, and see to poor Georgie between us. The doctor spoke of sending for a nurse, but she could scarcely be here before to-morrow night. It is fortunate that I am accustomed to this sort of thing, and not a bit afraid of it! When we had diphtheria in our parish I did a good deal of nursing, and I know something of what to do now."

"But smallpox," said Mrs. Christy-Wardell, shuddering; "do think, dear Robin, for your mother's sake before you expose yourself unnecessarily. We can get

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a nurse from the village till the London woman arrives, and—”

“And perhaps spread a panic all over the place,” said the young clergyman, smiling. “Besides, neither Stapylton nor I are safe to go about as usual, so we may as well go into retreat with Georgie. But what I want you to do is to send us down some things and supplies to the lodge without alarming the household. That is why I came to you in this stealthy fashion. Don’t you think we could get hold of your man Arkwright? he seems such a steady, cool fellow. I’m sure he would be able to get together all that we shall want for the present without frightening anybody unnecessarily. Time enough to do that when we know what is really the matter.”

The young parson’s manner was so business-like and his words so natural, that his uncle was contented to let him do as he suggested.

“I’m coming after you down to the lodge,” he said, “as soon as I have given Arkwright his instructions; you can run back now, and keep Dr. Murray till I get there. No, Maria,” catching sight of his wife’s white face, “I promise you I will not go into the room or near any of the three young fellows without Murray’s permission, but you must trust me to go and make all arrangements for their comfort, and believe me that I will not run any foolish risks. As for Arkwright, I believe he is the very man in the right place: he had smallpox when he was with Headport in the West Indies—that was how he came to leave his service, and afterwards enter ours. I don’t think he’s afraid of anything in the world, except perhaps of displeasing his mistress!—certainly not of any illness—and if he is with the boys, all will be done as it should. Robin’s a fine fellow to manage so discreetly, and to make no fuss. Good-bye, dear. If I am late for dinner you must begin without me; make any excuse you can, and say I’ll explain everything on my return. And for yourself, remember that He giveth His angels charge over our dear ones to keep them in all their ways.”

From her window Mrs. Maria watched her husband, followed by Arkwright crossing to the stables, and later a light cart, which no doubt had been packed in the retirement of the yard, drove away in the direction of Thormanby water and the East Lodge. Mrs. Maria heaved a sigh of

relief to think that assistance was on the way to the three lads whom she had learnt to love. She knelt down for a moment, and prayed that God would protect them all in His good providence from the possible trial that lay ahead, then she calmly rang for her maid, and began dressing for dinner.

The windows of her bedroom looked into different views than those of the boudoir next door, and she felt that the maid’s eyes were straying when they ought to have been engaged with the lace lappets of her *coiffure*.

“What do you see out of the window, Summers?” she inquired anxiously, for everything had a significance in these hours of uncertainty.

“If you please, ma’am, I see Miss Christy and the Marquis coming up the rose-walk, and it’s a fact, ma’am—” Summers broke off nervously.

“What is a fact, Summers?”

“That his lordship keeps on kissing Miss Amy’s hand.”

“I am not surprised, but of course we mustn’t say anything till we are told, Summers. And put me out my diamond necklace, please.”

### CHAPTER XI

THAT evening of anxiety, which necessarily ended in an explanation of the unfortunate situation to the chief guests at Thormanby, lived long in the memory of Maria Christy-Wardell.

George Christy and his wife were expected to dinner, and loud and long were the inquiries for their absent host, and for the three young men whose absence made such a woeful blank at the dinner-table; it needed all the hostess’s tact and *savoir faire* to patch up her denuded party and keep things going till her husband appeared at length in evening dress and in apparently his normal spirits. He gave a quick glance and smile at his wife, and sat down apologising right and left to Lady Stapylton and his sister-in-law.

“No, honour bright, there has been no accident, and as soon as I’ve caught you up with my dinner, I’ll tell you all about it, but I am afraid the young ladies will have to do without their cavaliers for a day or two. Headport, you will have to make up the deficiency. I hope you feel equal to it?”

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Lady Stapylton, who guessed that Mr. Christy-Wardell did not want to be questioned, quickly turned the conversation, and Mrs. George was diverted from the attack by the appeal to Lord Headport; was there, or wasn't there something between him and Amy? If there were, the hideous humiliation to which she, Mrs. George Christy, had been subjected, by Robert's wife turning out to be a Somebody instead of a poor relation was almost compensated, for no doubt Maria had meant Karen Brandys to have the Marquis; there were no lengths to which this ridiculous radical woman was not capable of going.

"Lord Headport is coming over to Champneys to advise me about our new hives to-morrow," she announced proudly. "The poultry-yard is dear May's province, and Amy looks after the flowers and the bees. I am so glad my girls have country tastes, Sir James; they aren't all as clever at book learning as their cousin Karen Brandys, but they do enjoy everything so heartily."

"Very nice, very nice," growled Sir James Stapylton, who was a little deaf, and thought Mrs. George Christy a tiresome table partner, when there was such a good dinner before him. "They can't be all as clever as Miss Brandys, as you say, she's one in a hundred, but they can't do better than copy her. Eh, what, countrified did you say? Oh, they'll grow out of that. I'm sure I shouldn't have thought it to look at them, they always look as if they'd stepped out of a fashion book!"

But Mrs. George Christy was too much excited to-night to be disconcerted by Sir James's misinterpretations; she was sure that Lord Headport, who sat between Lady Stapylton and Amy, "meant something," his manner was at once so *empresé* and so *distract* (Mrs. George felt that this description was almost epigrammatic in its French intensity!), and her eyes, ears and mind became engrossed.

And when the news of Georgie's serious illness had to be told after dinner, it was quite eclipsed, at all events as far as his mother was concerned, by the announcement of Lord Headport's proposal to Amy, which came almost simultaneously. "Quite a godsend, to spare us all the clamour she would have made over the poor boy if she could have possibly fastened it on to any of us as a grievance," observed Lady Stapylton to Mrs. Brandys; the little butterfly lady

and the gentle invalid were great friends, and enjoyed certain confidences about Mrs. George which were not for the general ear.

"I cannot help being afraid that Mary Christy will think that my Robin has brought the infection from his parish," murmured Mrs. Brandys. "She is always so eager to push the blame on to us of anything disagreeable, and because my children work for their living, she hints that they ought not to be admitted into good society! Karen as a governess, and Robin as a curate, are inferior to their cousins, who do nothing but spend their father's money, and are more likely—I don't know why—to spread illness and low radical opinions! If she doesn't forget all about Georgie in this engagement triumph, I am sure we shall hear that Robin is the cause of the infection" (no one mentioned the word small-pox at Thormanby), "but it is true that both at Cambridge and at St. Aldains he has had a good deal of experience in nursing, and this will prove lucky for Georgie, I expect, under the circumstances."

"The luckiest thing in the world! Mr. Christy-Wardell says your son behaved magnificently; he managed everything without giving any trouble, or causing any panic among the servants, and now his devotion to his cousin, in remaining to nurse him, is above all praise."

"Oh, Robin never looks for praise. He thinks he is only doing his duty, and just what any other man would do," answered the proud mother, "and he has been through so much illness, that I think he has a special gift for helping people this way—and I believe God thinks so too," she finished with dropped voice. "But you and Sir James are very brave in making no fuss about Mr. Stapylton, though I'm sure you are anxious."

"Dear old Jack! of course we are anxious," said his step-mother affectionately, "but what is the good of worrying and adding to the Christy-Wardells' trouble? Jack has to run risks like other young men, he will never run as many as his father did before him, for you know, dear Mrs. Brandys, Sir James worked his way up from the engineering 'shops' at Swindon, and no one thought of risks then! Besides, Dr. Murray has taken Jack into quarantine in his own house; he had been with Georgie, it is true, but not so much as your son, and there was no good his running into useless danger by remaining at the East Lodge,

## A Tangled Web

when your good young parson and the valet were sufficient for the nursing. Please God, we shall have Jack soon out of durance again, and Mr. Robin not very long behind him. Here come Mrs. Christy and the *Braut* to make their adieux; Miss Amy returns to the maternal wing to-night, with the formality that befits a future Marchioness!"

Mrs. Brandys had just time to wonder whether the allusion to Sir James's lowly origin were intentional or accidental, when Mrs. George Christy was upon her.

"My dear Caroline, I know how vexed you must be at Robert junior having brought this horrid infection down from St. Aldains to spoil our pleasant party. Lucky, wasn't it? that nothing came out before dear Lord Headport had spoken to Amy! I'm afraid we should all have had a crow to pick with your young curate then; I always say—and I believe Rudyard Kipling or some other clever writer says the same—the East End and the West End never ought to be brought in contact with each other. However, we are all too happy to-night to scold Robert junior!—don't they make a charming couple, Amy and the Marquis?"

Poor Mrs. Brandys could only meekly reiterate, "They do—they do indeed. I hope they'll be very happy!" but Lady Stapylton took up the cudgels briskly on behalf of her friend.

"What makes you think that Mr. Robin has brought the infection, Mrs. Christy? If he had done so, it would have been he, and not your boy, who would have been first taken ill. It is more reasonable to suppose that Georgie picked it up somewhere accidentally, and may perhaps give it to his devoted cousin, but certainly has not taken it from him."

The butterfly lady could look very fierce at times, and even Mrs. George, mother of a prospective Marchioness as she was, quailed before her logical sally.

"Oh, come along, mama! Lord Head—Charles, I mean, is waiting for us," exclaimed Amy, coming to the rescue. "Thank you ever so much for your congratulations, Aunt Caroline; of course we're going to be immensely happy! And isn't the mater pleased? A peacock with two tails isn't in it with her to-night!" she added, with a glance at her mother's retreating form, a portly figure in mauve satin, leaning on the arm of the Marquis of Headport.

Early next morning as Robin Brandys

threw wide the casement window of his room at the East Lodge, to drink in the pleasant scent of the pines, he saw a girl, in sailor-hat, cotton blouse and bicycling skirt, wheeling her machine through the little wicket-gate, for the principal entrance was locked to preserve strict quarantine. Could it be Karen? Of course not, for Karen would have come from the other direction across the park, and this was some one smaller and slighter altogether. Elaine Christy, by all that was wonderful!

The young clergyman leaned out of his window. "Don't come an inch nearer, Elaine," he called down softly. "You've come for news of Georgie? he's had a capital night, and is going on—'developing' is the right word, I believe—beautifully!"

"Oh, I am so thankful! And you, Robin, how are you yourself?"

"Very fit indeed!"

Elaine's eyes met his, and could not but acknowledge, by their glance, that he looked it. He was wearing an old college blazer in place of his rigid clerical garb, and seemed once more like the old Robin of a certain wonderful Cambridge summer when Elaine had gone up for the May term and had been squired about by her Trinity cousin, the chaperon for the occasion being an easy-going aunt, who knew nothing of young Brandys' ineligibility in the sight of Mrs. George Christy. "And you really don't mind giving up your holiday and being cut off from everything, and running a fearful risk into the bargain?" Elaine went on, fingering the sweet-peas at her belt, and glancing up at him under the brim of her sailor. "Robin, I must say it, I think you're wonderful! However dreadful, or tiresome, or—or nasty a thing is, if you think it is duty, you go for it as cheerfully as if it were pleasure!"

"Oh no, I'm afraid I don't—but in this case I had no choice. You see, Georgie and I had been so much together that I may be infected, and I couldn't on any pretext roam at large among you all—so that I am just as well here as anywhere. And I can be a help to Georgie when he turns the corner; just now I am not as useful as Arkwright, your uncle's man, who is simply invaluable. And as for not minding—why, if you come and pay me a visit now and then like this, it will be worth any length of quarantine. Do you know, Elaine, that you haven't talked to me for five minutes alone for ages?"

## A Tangled Web

"Haven't I? Oh, well, you see one doesn't get very much opportunity in a big family to talk to any one in particular, and—and that reminds me I must get home in time for breakfast. Has Georgie any messages, do you think?—are you able to ask him?"

"He's awake, and I hear Arkwright getting him some tea—I'll inquire," and Robin disappeared from his window, to return a few minutes later with the invalid's love, and were there any letters for him from the "Crimson Ramblers"? a cricket eleven of which he was the moving spirit.

"To be sure! no letters direct," answered Elaine, who was her brother's *aide-de-camp* in the matter of correspondence, for the Ramblers were abler with bat than pen; "a letter from Evie Pennington to me says both her brothers are ill—they don't know what it is, but they are said to be sickening for something, and young Crofts is the same—they all played in the Laleburn match ten days ago, and it looks as if they had taken some infection there, which is coming out now."

"Thank goodness!" said Robin fervently; then seeing how surprised the girl looked up at him, he added, "I'm sure I don't want the poor boys to be ill, but don't you see what a relief it is to me to know that the infection does not come from St. Aldains? Your mother does not love me overmuch as it is, Elaine, and if she thought I had brought any of my horrid East End diseases into your midst, she would have less cause than ever to like me!"

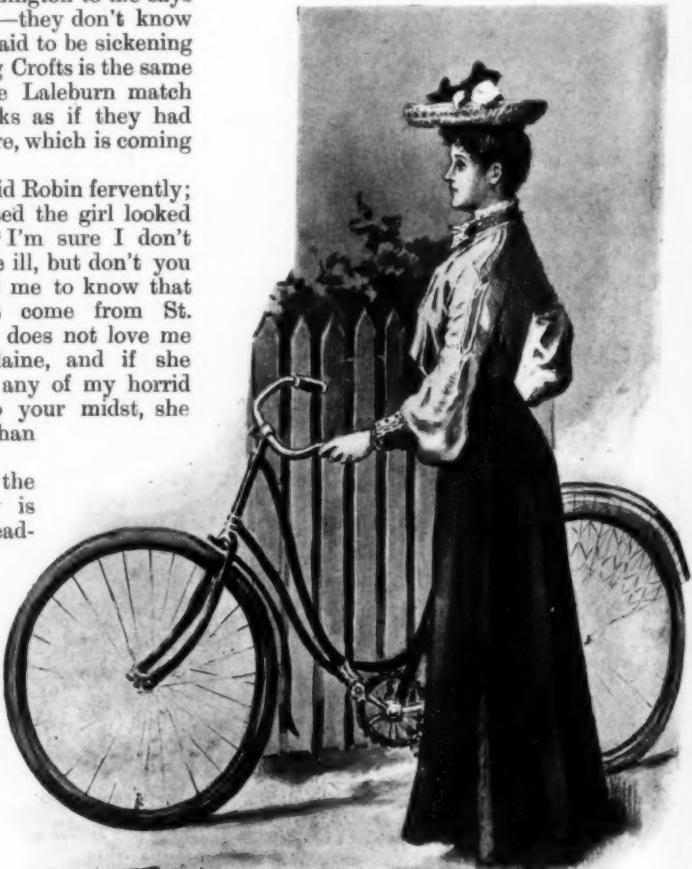
"My mother loves all the world just now; Amy is going to marry Lord Head-port! Do tell Georgie that, if he is well enough to talk, though he won't think anything of that piece of news in comparison with the breakdown of the Ramblers! But indeed you mustn't think mama dislikes you, Robin; she is only afraid, I fancy, that you will persuade Georgie to take Orders, and she wants him to go to the Bar."

"And does she think I am likely to try and persuade you to enter an Anglican sisterhood?—is that why she keeps us apart?"

"Does she keep us apart? I—I really must go, Robin; you forget I've five miles to ride and haven't had any breakfast!"

"I won't keep you another moment, only come again to-morrow! Georgie is sure to have a lot of messages for you—and, Elaine, just remember this; whatever I try and persuade you some day to become, it won't be an Anglican sister!"

How handsome he looked as he leaned forward smiling and throwing these words meaningly after her. "May and Amy are always talking about officers in uniform," thought Elaine, speeding home on her



J.M. Neale

WHEELING HER MACHINE THROUGH THE LITTLE WICKET-GATE

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bicycle to breakfast, "but give me a white shirt and a college blazer if a man wants to look his best!"

### CHAPTER XII

THE Society papers were full of the disastrous break-up of the house-party at Thormanby Park in consequence of the case of smallpox among the guests. As several of the "Crimson Ramblers" were stricken with the same fell disease, and one poor fellow, Crofts, died of it, the affair excited a good deal of attention, and was traced to its source at Laleburn, where Georgie's eleven had been playing a match, thereby entirely exonerating Robin Brandys' East End parish from any connexion with the infection. And Georgie alone of the three suspects suffered; his case, though serious, ended in complete convalescence, and neither his devoted nurse Robin, nor Jack Stapylton, nor any one else in the neighbourhood took any harm from his presence in their house.

Uncle Robert and Aunt Maria said, "Thanks to God's great mercy, and Robin's strong common-sense." Mrs. George Christy said, "Thanks to Georgie's excellent constitution, the Mayne constitution, you know" (she had been a Miss Mayne), and there left the matter, being much more congenially occupied with Lord Headport's settlements and Amy's *trousseau*; and so the great scare of smallpox at Thormanby Park ended, as far as Georgie's actual illness went, though its consequences were further reaching.

There are, on occasions like these, great compensations in practically unlimited wealth, and so Mrs. Christy-Wardell realised, when, their autumn plans for a country life having been thus rudely upset, she and her husband were able to transfer themselves to a comfortable steam yacht, to cruise about the southern coast, taking Karen, Robin, and the recovered Georgie with them. Mrs. Brandys, who did not care for the sea, was established at a Dartmoor farm-house, with Elaine for company, an arrangement which delighted both ladies, and was grudgingly permitted by Mrs. George, conscious that she could not refuse her daughter to Robin's mother after all that had passed; she took small comfort in the fact that Robin himself was finishing his holiday on the high seas, nowhere near his cousin, or Princeford, for she began to

feel that Fate, in the person of Maria Christy-Wardell, was too strong for her! Even the Headport engagement, which afforded her so much satisfaction, had been made under Maria's auspices and roof, and if the Colonial lady set her heart upon a match between Robin and Elaine, Mrs. George did not see how she was to prevent it. The Christy-Wardells and their dreadful fortune were able to accomplish anything they had a mind for!

Some of the sweets of this power Mrs. Christy-Wardell was enjoying on the September afternoon when she sat in her deck-chair on board the *Corona* and read a letter from Lord Headport which Robin had just brought her. The Marquis had been a valued friend of the Canadian couple long before he contemplated an alliance with their family: in offering Robin the living of Port-Stephen which was in his gift, he referred rather to the pleasure it gave him to secure Robert Christy-Wardell's nephew for the post, than the cousin of his future wife, though to the personal qualities of the young parson he paid a warm tribute of appreciation.

"You know what this means to me, Aunt Maria?" Robin said, as she finished the letter, and looked up at him.

"I think so. Princeford at once and Elaine!"

"If I can! You give me your good wishes I know, but Mrs. George Christy doesn't like me."

"Never mind, if her daughter does! Your aunt has got to put her prejudices in her pocket," said Aunt Maria, with a touch of her Irish brogue. "You can take the gig into Dartmouth harbour directly after lunch, and get the quick train up from Kingswear to Newton Abbott; then you will be at Princeford by dinner-time, and God bless and prosper you in your wooing, dear lad!"

Karen elected to go into Dartmouth with her brother, and do a little necessary shopping; she half thought her aunt would be tempted to accompany them, but Mrs. Christy-Wardell, though full of commissions for the town, seemed averse to leaving her deck-chair, and Georgie, long and lazy, preferred *Kim* to a run ashore.

"Your uncle has a big mail to get through," Mrs. Christy-Wardell explained; "he has written to ask Mr. Bowman to join us" (Mr. Bowman was the family lawyer), "so look out for him at the landing-

## A Tangled Web

place, or—or for any one else for the *Corona*, Karen dear!"

Karen unsuspiciously promised to bring everything and every one safely back. But she had not counted on the appearance of Jack Stapylton in place of the wholly mythical lawyer; Jack strolling up to the landing-stage as the gig pulled in, and helping her ashore as if they had only parted the day before. She remembered certain little evasions and coldnesses of their visit at Thormanby, and felt shy—an unusual feeling for Karen—as she asked, "Are you coming out to the *Corona*?"

"It depends—I should like to see Mr. and Mrs. Christy-Wardell, but I am not sure of my plans. Suppose we see Robin into his train and then talk about it"—and for the few minutes the three were together the conversation ran on topics of general interest, all that had occurred since the break-up at Thormanby.

Then Robin having been despatched from Kingswear station with a hearty Godspeed from his sister, of which Stapylton, too, seemed to understand the significance, Karen and Jack were put across to the Strand opposite, and stood looking at each other doubtfully in the sunny afternoon light.

"I have some shopping to do for Aunt Maria," said Karen; "I don't suppose you'll care—"

"And I have something to say to you," interrupted Jack; "I won't be so rude as to say, 'I don't suppose you'll care.' I'm going to ask you to be so good as to try and care! Leave the shopping to the steward and come a little way down the road with me—it's shady, and we can talk without interruption."

They turned to the left and walked along the country road towards Stoke—the road which follows the line of the harbour. It is a quiet place, little frequented save by an occasional carriage driving into the town. They were soon away from the scattered houses, and were alone between sweet-smelling autumn hedges hung with wild clematis and matted with golden ferns.

Karen remembered a walk that she had taken long before with Jack Stapylton through Holland Lane, when she had felt the influence of a masterful character even as she felt it to-day; she guessed what was coming, and knew that between herself and Sir James's son there must be absolute

honesty of dealing, whatever might be lost or sacrificed for the truth's sake.

They had come to a gate at a cornfield. Jack touched her arm, and turning off the road they stood side by side looking at the heavy, whitening crop that billowed softly like the sea, under the light, warm breeze.

"You were growing to like me a little at Thormanby, I think, six weeks ago," Jack said, speaking abruptly and without preamble, "and I—I was only waiting for a fitting opportunity to tell you I loved you—which perhaps you guessed—to ask you to marry me, which I dared to hope you would do, when something came between us and made you alter your demeanour towards me. Do you mind telling me if I am right?"

Karen's eyes were downcast, but she nodded her head.

"And—you will forgive my questioning, but this is a matter of life and death to me—your altered behaviour was in consequence of a conversation, of suggestions made by your aunt, Mrs. George Christy. Am I right again?"

Again Karen nodded affirmatively.

"Will you forgive me if I say I do not altogether trust Mrs. George Christy; at all events in a matter so important as this I cannot afford to act on hints, or on one-sided communications. I must ask you straight out, because, after all, you and I are the persons most concerned, and the absolute truth, not your uncle's wife's opinions, is what I want to get at—did you tell Mrs. George Christy that with your expectations of being the Christy-Wardells' heiress you might look for a better match than Jack Stapylton, and that now you knew that his father was a self-made man, you would let them see—"

Long before Jack could finish this wonderful sentence Karen's brown eyes, blazing with indignation, were imploring him to stop. "Hush, hush! how could you—how could any one think I should say such horrible, unwomanly things! I know nothing of being my uncle's heiress, I have never questioned your father's position! I am Lady Stapylton's governess, at least I was, and I was so proud and happy in my work; now everything is changed, and I suppose—"

Jack came a little nearer, and laid his hand over hers on the bar of the gate.

"Something has changed since those days we spent together at Thormanby; I never believed that you said what Mrs. George



KAREN'S EYES WERE DOWNCAST, BUT SHE NODDED HER HEAD

## A Tangled Web

Christy reported to me, but I felt that they might have been the general impression, and your attitude towards me was so different all of a sudden. I meant to come to you at once, and ask for an explanation, but everything was against me. So I am here today to get at the truth. What was said or done during those last days, before Georgie was taken ill, to alter you so completely? Please tell me truly; too much depends on this, for us to withhold anything now."

"Mrs. George Christy spoke to me about you during one of her visits to Thormanby; she said that you were taking more notice of me than Lady Stapylton approved, that to your step-mother and Sir James I could never be anything but the governess, and that even if Uncle Robert left me some of his money, I was not a possible match for a Stapylton. I had never thought of being a match for any one!" cried Karen, her cheeks and eyes blazing with wounded pride; "I was simply enjoying myself on the most delightful holiday that I had ever had, and her suggestion that such a dreadful thing was possible—that I was thinking of attracting—that—"

But this sentence was never coherently finished, for Jack had her in his arms before she could adequately express herself.

"So that is the bugbear that Mrs. George used to frighten you with, and mine was a different version! My dear, dear one, don't let us ever think of either of them again—only let me tell you how I love you, and how above everything else in the world I want you for my wife!"

"I haven't ever proposed to a woman before, and I've never even seen one that I wanted to propose to, so you really must excuse the stupid, confused way that I've done it," said Jack a little time later. "I've interlarded my formal offer with offensive and totally unnecessary quotations from irrelevant conversations with Mrs. George Christy—a person with whom, in the future, we'll have as little to do as possible. You can't think how miserable she managed to make me one day in the garden at Thormanby; she purported to quote your mother and yourself. If I hadn't been an ass and a lover—you know lovers have terrible ups and downs!—I shouldn't have believed her a bit; but you were playing tennis with Headport, and from that instant onward, till we all parted so suddenly, I never saw you again to speak to alone! Can you

wonder that I was upset? But after the Headport engagement was announced, I made up my mind that I would follow you wherever you might be, and ask you for the truth. I knew you'd give me that, Karen, whatever other answer you gave me!"

"It was that same day that she spoke to me, and told me that your step-mother thought my behaviour unbecoming in her children's governess. All the time that I was playing tennis with Lord Headport I was going over in my mind what my behaviour towards you *had* been! Some nice talks, a few walks together, a little laughing, such as any young man and girl staying together in the same house might so easily fall into, yet Aunt George put this in so uncomfortable a light that I felt I had imperilled my position as a lady and as a governess as well! And as for thinking of marrying—"

"You referred to the possibility as a 'dreadful thing' just now. I must beg you won't do so again; it hurts my feelings, and I don't believe it is generally done," said Jack, and at this interruption he kissed her again. "You haven't asked me if I am coming back to the *Corona*?" he said, when it was time to return to the gig. "My things are in the hall of the *Castle*, either to be picked up and taken on board your uncle's yacht, or to be returned with me disconsolately to London. Which is it to be, Karen?"

"I think my aunt would be very disappointed if you did not go to the yacht; apparently she is expecting you," said Karen demurely.

"Money and friends," said Robert Christy-Wardell, leaning against the *Corona*'s white side as she slipped gently through the water, and patting his wife's hand that lay on his arm, "you used to say that one was no good without the other! Are you satisfied now that you have both, Maria?"

"Our money was very little pleasure to us when we had not friends to share it, but the friends we have made independently of our money are the dearest and best of all," answered his wife, "and I shall never regret the ruse by which we won them. Of course it is delightful to have so much money, but if we could only have one I would choose the friends, wouldn't you?"

"Even at the risk of being considered poor relations," assented her husband, laughing.

# Boobies and Penguins<sup>1</sup>

BY FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S.

AUTHOR OF "THE CRUISE OF THE CACHALOT," ETC.

UNLIKE any of the other birds of which I have been writing, the subjects of the present paper are really not pelagic, that is, they are birds which must find a rest for the soles of their feet upon something hard every night, preferably at their proper homes, although that is sometimes impossible. An almost invidious selection has now to be made, but one entirely necessary, since the varieties of such birds are very numerous. And I have endeavoured to surmount the difficulty by only taking those that are fairly familiar to sailors in out-of-the-way parts of the ocean, and almost unknown to the majority of landsfolk. First in my mind comes the Booby, which is a species of gannet, but varying in several important particulars from the pretty well-known gannets of our own coasts. It has a reputation for stupidity which I feel is hardly deserved, and is really only given upon very slight grounds. But in consequence of this reputation it has obtained this somewhat opprobrious name, first by the Spanish seamen who, trading in the Gulf of Mexico, made its acquaintance, and conceiving but a low idea of its intelligence called it "bobo" or stupid; hence our word booby, both words deriving from the same root.

Perhaps the sole reason for the idea of the poor bird's stupidity arises from the fact that when it alights upon any portion of a ship, as it often does in the vicinity of its home, it will sit still and allow itself to be taken, although it has only to tumble off its perch to be free and far out of reach of the marauding hand of the sailor. But there it sits, with its full dark eye staring full at its enemy, apparently hypnotised into insensibility, and only when it is grasped and its doom sealed does it begin to struggle vainly to escape. Really the reason for this immobility is fairly obvious, although I have never seen it stated. Of all the sea-birds there are none that toil so tremendously at their business of food-getting as the Gannets, and the Booby is no exception to the rule. The big, somewhat ungainly bird, with his long straight

beak and his gawky wings flapping heavily and continuously, is, as I have said, a fairly well-known object off our north-eastern coasts, and most observant visitors have admired the wonderful way in which, while flying in utmost haste along at a height of over a hundred feet, he will suddenly fold his wings and drop, beak first, with a tremendous splash into the sea, emerging almost immediately after with a fish in his beak, and literally fighting his way into the high air again. Now, no other sea-bird, not even the lively gull or the ungainly cormorant, labours like this for its living. The poor Booby oftentimes finds itself far afield and quite weary, when a tempting opportunity for a perch presents itself, of which it takes advantage, and having done so, seems quite unable to exert itself further for some time even in the presence of the most imminent danger of capture. Why it should prefer the yards or booms of a vessel to rest upon to the sea at such times is a thing I do not pretend to understand, but the fact is that it does do so in preference to resting on the water, a thing I never remember to have seen one doing.

There is perhaps another and more convincing reason for the Booby's apparent stupidity. The lonely islets and cays which it frequents are seldom visited by man. Being naturally of a confiding nature, and getting little opportunity of learning how unsafe it is to place any confidence in the lord of creation, it is unprepared for the danger of capture which attends it upon alighting upon any place to which he has convenient access. And why sailors should take the poor birds I do not know, except that the temptation to lay hold upon a bird that is unable or unwilling to fly away is almost irresistible to most men. For the Booby, like all sea-birds, is anything but good eating, being rank, tough, and oily; while as a pet he is of no use at all. And I am ashamed to say that all I have ever seen taken on board ship were presently, after a period of maltreatment, flung overboard, a piece of cruel waste for which there can be no possible excuse.

<sup>1</sup> Copyright in the United States of America by Frank T. Bullen, 1904.

## Boobies and Penguins

My first acquaintance with the Booby dates back to my first voyage as a small boy in my twelfth year. Of course I do not know the exact part of the sea in which we were sailing, but I know that we were at no very great distance from land, for we were sailing—not steaming—from Demerara to Santa Ana in the Mexican Gulf. And one night, being becalmed, one of the men pointed out to me a dark object on the cat-head clearly outlined against the moon-beams on the sea. I don't know why, but in those days any item of information conveyed to me in a whisper with an air of mystery always made my heart pump furiously; and my feeling, though perhaps not exactly fear, was not at all pleasant as Joe stole away from my side towards that dark excrescence on the cat-head. I held my breath as he crept nearer to it, and was suddenly relieved to hear a loud squawking almost like that of a suddenly irritated parrot. Joe returned to me, exhibiting to my delighted gaze a large white bird pitifully struggling to be free. Then the other men came around, and there was a long and voluble conversation about the bird, of which I wearied and went away to sleep. When I again saw the captive it had been skinned, but to my astonishment nothing was done with either skin or carcass—after a short time they were both flung overboard.

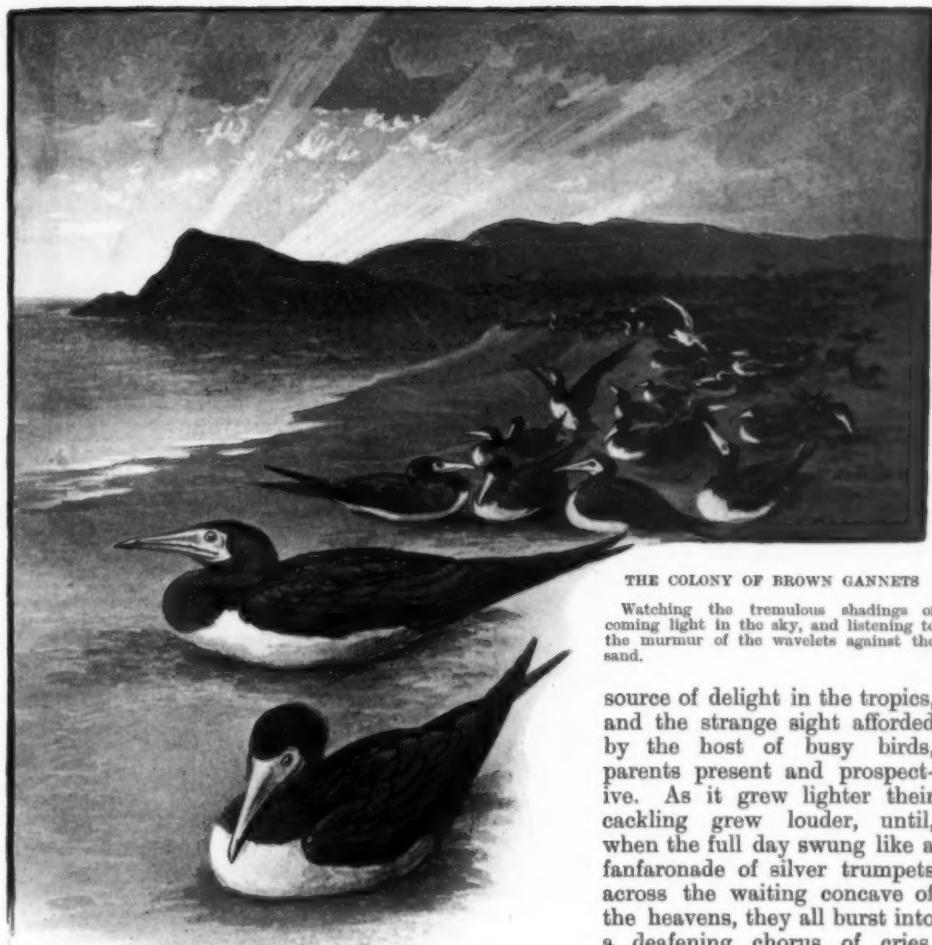
Less than three months afterwards, in another ship, I awoke one morning to find by the strange sounds and motions made by the vessel that she had run ashore, and when morning dawned I saw that many Boobies and Men-of-war or Frigate birds were hovering about us, the former filling the air with their shrill cries, and the latter calmly and apparently contemptuously watching us. Two days after we all left the wrecked vessel (she was broken in half) for good, and landing upon the little sandy cay which formed the apex of the vast coral reef upon which our ship had been wrecked, we found almost the whole sandy area in possession of these birds, Boobies. They did not venture over to the rocky side, for reasons which will appear later. It was a most surprising sight to us, to me especially, a city-bred boy, to see the wide beach covered with vociferous birds sitting on eggs lying in small depressions in the sand, or going to and fro, either waddling or on the wing, but none evincing the slightest fear of us. It was an entirely new sensa-

tion to have a bird as big as a duck, but with twice the wing spread, come flapping busily along and not trouble to avoid one; indeed, I was knocked down twice, and afterwards opprobriously assailed by the infuriated bird for getting in her way when she was hurrying back to her eggs. Of course the eggs were a great treat to us—when did ever a sailor, rightly constituted, feel indifferent to the sight of an egg?—and we started to gather them, careless of the feelings of the mother Boobies. But if they lacked sense they certainly did not want courage, and those of us who had not sea-boots on, soon found that a trouser-leg was but poor protection against a driving blow from a Booby's beak. So the majority of us retired to look for sticks (of course no such ridiculously sentimental notions weighed with us as consideration for the feelings of the parent birds), and meanwhile the din was deafening. There were many thousands of birds, and every one of them seemed to be protesting with all the power of his or her lungs against this piratical invasion of a peaceful and inoffensive colony. I know that I felt as if I should never recover my hearing again.

Presently, having armed ourselves with sticks, we returned to the charge and gathered many eggs; at least I say we, but I remember that being barefooted I merely hovered on the outskirts of the war, and bore the eggs away as others collected them whose feet were better protected against the Boobies' beaks than mine. I am sorry to say that in the struggle for the possession of those eggs many of the protesting Boobies were killed. Their bodies were brought into camp and flung down, a doleful heap, for some one to prepare for eating. But as the helots who were invited with many unnecessary sea-compliments to undertake the task sensibly observed, "We've got plenty of good grub, an' there's plenty more for the taking; why bother about getting meat ready that nobody will eat?" So there was more waste. And even the eggs, gathered with so much loss of life (to the mothers), were hardly eatable to men who could get other and more tasteful food, as we certainly could then. There were eggs on the island, delicious, plentiful, large, but they belong to another story. Only the honour of finding them was mine and mine alone.

Next morning I was awake and astir before daybreak, not because I then loved

## Boobies and Penguins



THE COLONY OF BROWN GANNETS

Watching the tremulous shadings of coming light in the sky, and listening to the murmur of the wavelets against the sand.

source of delight in the tropics, and the strange sight afforded by the host of busy birds, parents present and prospective. As it grew lighter their cackling grew louder, until, when the full day swung like a fanfaronade of silver trumpets across the waiting concave of the heavens, they all burst into a deafening chorus of cries, apropos of nothing, as far as I could see. Of me standing close before them they took

not the slightest heed. Those with young ones hatched poked at and preened them with their long beaks, preparatory to leaving them, and those with eggs only just laid took a parting glance or so at them, preened themselves, and flew—clean over my head, with rapidly jerking wings, towards their free and common hunting-ground, the teeming sea. I was so fascinated by the busy scene that for long I did not stir, and so was able to witness the return of some of the mothers, who had been almost immediately successful, with quite large fish in their mouths, which, dropping among their screaming young, they proceeded to distribute, at the same time keeping a bright

early rising, but because my sleeping-place was so miserably uncomfortable that I laid no minute longer than I could help. Who would, wedged into a long row of men as sardines lie in a box, with a lump of coral the bigness of a man's head in the middle of one's back, by no means get-at-able because of the long cloth of canvas over it held down by the bodies aforesaid? So I rose and strayed along the beach, watching the tremulous shadings of coming light in the sky, and listening to the murmur of the wavelets against the sand, and the low beginnings of conversation among the birds. And then my attention was divided between the glory of the new day, a never-ceasing

## Boobies and Penguins

look-out upon those conscienceless, lazy marauders who continually endeavoured to steal.

In an hour after full day they were practically all away, although, as I have said, occasional stragglers, having been rewarded with an early catch, came dropping in with their prizes for their families. Then came my shipmates, bent on egg-collecting, but I was glad to see that now they were a little more discriminating than on the previous day. They examined the eggs to see whether they were edible or not, and when they found a couple of helpless unfledged ones in a hollow, they merely gave them momentary discomfort by taking them up and examining them; they did them no harm. Together we took a thorough survey of the great space occupied by the nesting Boobies, and admired the business-like way in which the parents provided for the needs of their offspring, also the ease with which the food was obtained. The sea over and adjacent to the reefs literally swarmed with surface-fish just of a convenient size for the birds to handle, and they, the birds, never seemed to flag in their earnest endeavour to get their living and provide for those dear to them. Of course they were all very much alike, but after a time of careful watching I was able to single out those who were most energetic, finding that even here where instinct ruled there were degrees in industry as well as among men.

The male birds had a reservation of their own, and seemed to be held in considerable disfavour by both hatching and nursing birds, as if they had contracted themselves out of any right to occupy the same space. They certainly did nothing towards the maintenance of the families, being apparently fully occupied in providing for their own clamorous needs. The mother birds had their domestic cares to attend to as well as the providing, which led me to think more than scornfully of the male Booby as regarded his affections, especially comparing him with the deep-sea birds of my acquaintance, but rather highly as regarded his iniquitous cunning, which certainly did not justify his contemptuous name. But there was one recurring circumstance which I continually noted about which I have some trouble. It does not appear very clear whether I should mention it here or in a later article, but I do not see how I am to do the Booby full

justice unless I make some allusion to it at present, and so I fear I must do so even at the peril of repeating myself later on. I noticed repeatedly that as the mother birds were returning at full speed to their nests with a load of food (I say "nests," although, as I have noted, the eggs and young ones just lay on the open sand), they often evinced signs of great alarm and dodged about at full speed, sometimes rushing right out to sea again. The reason was evident. High above the busy birds fishing there hovered black wide-winged birds whose province it was apparently to live upon the labours of others. And when they saw a homeward-bound bird flapping heavily toward the land, one of them would by easy stages yet with amazing celerity descend from his lofty plane, drawing nearer and nearer to the labouring Booby like a kestrel descending upon a pigeon, but in far more leisurely fashion, as if perfectly confident of success. The unhappy matron, foreseeing the sacrifice of her toil and her fledgelings' hunger, would strain every nerve, her angular wings working furiously and her whole body trembling with evident anxiety, in striking contrast to the calm fateful approach of the black descending shadow. But dodge as the Booby might, exert herself as she would, there would come a time when, like a thunderbolt, the hovering thief would descend, his wings nearly closed and his tail wide-spread. Then, alas! poor Booby, there was nought that she could do but drop her treasure and flee for her life. And the graceful villain with one great swoop would catch the fish ere it touched the water, and soar skyward again unconcernedly, as if it was part of the appointed scheme of things that Booby should toil and he should calmly reap the fruit of that toil. Booby meanwhile was scouring the sea again in search of the much-needed meal for her family, and with who knows what ever-springing hope that next journey she might evade the ravishers of her little ones' food.

Such a sketch as I have endeavoured to give of the life of the Booby may be accepted as applicable to all these birds wherever they live. They are never to be seen very far from land and never exterior to the tropics, for warm weather is a necessity to them. Their homely virtues, as will be seen, are many, if their beauty and intelligence cannot be rated very high.

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And principally I think from a fellow-feeling for common-place folk I have dared to strain a point, and include the essentially homely Booby in this record of the statelier denizens of the deep-sea spaces to which truly it does not belong, but still cannot be reckoned as one of the familiar sea-birds to any others but sailors. And for reasons which I am tired of reiterating, even sailors, by reason of the displacement of sails by steam, will soon as a class know the fussy, homely Booby no more.

One class of birds which I do not possess sufficient acquaintance with to make them the subject of a separate paper I am leaving to the end of this. I allude to that curious tribe, the Penguins. But of other truly deep-sea birds there are really none. The great gull tribe in any of its varieties never ventures far from land, in the comparative sense; the Petrels deserve (and will get) a section to themselves. Even essentially land-birds are often found at tremendous distances from the shore, having been whirled away most unwillingly from their course while journeying from winter to summer lands, which would never happen to sea-birds whose habits keep them in daily touch with the land. Nay, and I do not think any apology is needed for introducing the matter here, I have actually seen, not once but several times, fluttering about a ship becalmed in the centre of the broad Atlantic an ephemeral butterfly. The sight set all hands a-wondering whence the pretty waif could have strayed so far, and some even broached the idea that the chrysalis from which it came had lodged on board in some convenient but inconspicuous place, and had just been hatched out. But they were, as I think, very properly laughed out of court. In mid-ocean too I have seen, and that where even the strenuous gulls did not appear, a little flight of swallows board the ship as a haven of rest in the midst of the wide and to them inhospitable sea. I shall not soon or easily forget how, coming weary and hungry from the wheel one morning at two o'clock A.M., I went to the bread-barège which hung from a beam in the forecastle for fear of the rats which swarmed among us, and found perched along its edge a dozen tiny birds. I glared at them, disbelieving my sight for a moment, then reaching out I took one in my hand, and found that it was a tired-out little swift

that had thus taken refuge among us, and the fact moved me strangely.

Many such waif-visitors I have seen and in many seas, but most pathetic of all I think was one during a strong monsoon in the China Sea. The sturdy ship under a heavy press of canvas was striving to get across to Manilla from Hong Kong. It was a bleak dismal day and I stood at the wheel, my whole attention taken up with the object of keeping the plunging vessel as near the wind as possible without shaking a shred of her straining canvas; when suddenly I became aware of a large bird that, with heavily-flapping wings, was striving hard to get on board, yet for some obscure reason was afraid to trust itself to windward, lest, apparently, it should lose command of itself and be blown against something that would do it injury. For over an hour I watched its painful labours alone, for the second mate was leaning over the break of the poop in deep meditation, and it was impossible under sea etiquette that I should call him. I cannot tell you how I suffered for that poor bird. He came so close that I knew him for a stork—I saw his long neck and beak, and his slender legs tucked closely beneath him. And I did want him safe. I almost prayed for his deliverance, he made such a gallant fight for life. But alas! he would not trust himself to windward, he would persist in coming up under the lee quarter, where the eddy from the spanker poured down strongly enough to sweep away the most powerfully-winged bird that ever flew. I saw him grow weaker and weaker, still fighting vainly against overwhelming odds, and at last in one of his swoopings to leeward that fatal down-draught from the spanker caught him, and whirled him, a dishevelled heap of feathers, into the foaming sea sweeping past, and he was gone. I felt as if I had been watching the painful fighting for life of a dear friend, and I was scarcely comforted when, on going into the gloomy forecastle at eight bells, I found a fluffy-feathered goatsucker perched on the edge of my bunk, who opened the wide gape of his mouth at me, as I tenderly took him, in voiceless supplication to spare his feeble life. Need I say that his request was granted? I fed him on cockroaches (we had plenty of those), and on entering Cavite Bay I let him go, feeling sure he would soon find a home.

But this is a digression hardly warranted

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by the subject. It is very necessary on account of space to pass on to the quaintest of all the feathered deep-sea people really entitled to the name, although they are never found at any great distance (as sailors count distance) from the shore or islands of ice. I allude to the Penguins. Their nearest counterparts in northern seas are the Auks; but the latter are able to fly, the Penguin is not. It is really a sort of compromise, to all appearance, between a seal and a bird, and but for the fact that the Creator has planted it in the most lonely and inhospitable portion of the round world, would certainly long ago have been exterminated. This sad fate has befallen the Great Auk, whose eggs coming now and then into auction-rooms command such fabulous prices. It unfortunately inhabited places comparatively easy of access, and consequently, though it was of little value commercially, and of none at all as food, it very soon became extinct when rapacious man extended his sway to the fringe of the Arctic Ocean.

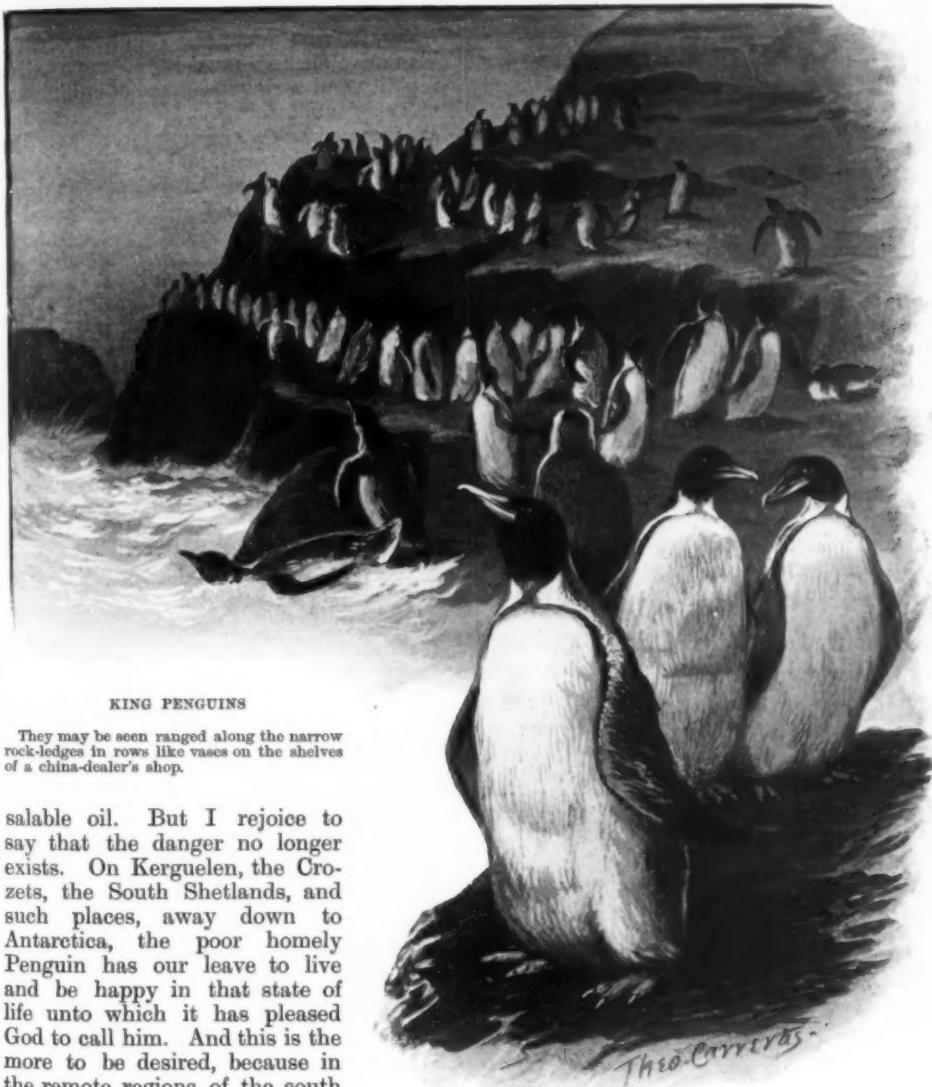
The Penguin, however, has been preserved from this fate because the Antarctic regions offer little or no inducement to searchers after wealth to come to them. And in the days when seal-oil was valuable, and it was worth while to make expeditions to the barren shores of Antarctic islands in order to collect it, the Penguins were only molested for edible purposes, for they are just edible, with considerable culinary manipulation. There are several kinds of Penguins, varying in size from the diminutive Pygmy or "Eudyptila minor" of a few inches high to the Emperor Penguin of as many feet. Most good museums furnish examples. But all possess the same general characteristics. First, their legs being very short and thick, and their webbed feet wide and strong, they "sit up," as it were. It is really standing up like a duck stretching its wings, but almost perpendicularly. And this is their normal pose. They carry their heads with short pointed beaks very erect, and their flippers, for the wing in these birds is nothing but a seal flipper covered with feathers instead of fur, hanging down in a ludicrously pathetic and helpless manner. Sir John Narborough, an old navigator whose voyages make most entertaining reading, says that their appearance as he first saw them gazing at him from their rocky ledges was that of rows of school-children standing very quiet with

little white pinnafore on. This because the closely-set feathers on their breasts are white, with tinges of beautiful shades of purple and gold around the edges in the Emperors.

Their movements on shore are almost as ungainly as those of a seal; compared with them a duck or goose glides along with stately grace. For their land promenades their flippers are perfectly useless, dangling by their sides as if broken. Why they do not topple over I cannot think, although their webbed feet are so large and wide, for their centre of gravity certainly does fall far without their bases, and great muscular effort must be necessary in order that the erect position may be preserved. Yet they manage to climb with astounding celerity the almost unscalable icy cliffs of Antarctica, and may be seen ranged along the narrow rock-ledges in rows like vases on the shelves of a china-dealer's shop who has no idea of picturesquely arranging his wares. In places where materials for nests are to be found they build them or lay them down (there is little constructive work possible), but where no vegetation is to be found, they just choose a slight hollow and there deposit two eggs, one always larger than the other, which has been supposed to denote difference of sex. If so, how evenly the sexes must be balanced! What has puzzled many southern voyagers is the way in which the hen penguin, when disturbed and fearful for her eggs, will manage to convey one of them away. There is a little hollowing of the body just in front of the space between the legs, and in this it is supposed the mother carries the egg, but how she holds it there is a mystery.

The Penguin in all his varieties has a very wide range. All round the southern hemisphere, and as far north as the Galapagos Islands on the South American off-shore grounds, Penguins are to be found, and Hartwig says that Humboldt's Penguin, which is frequently found in Callao Bay, is made a household pet of by the Peruvians, who call it the *pajaro nino*. This he translates "little darling bird," but the good professor's Spanish is weak; it only means "baby-boy bird." The noble Castellano is splendidly furnished with terms of endearment. At one time it seemed as if the Penguin would be exterminated on all the temperately situated islands, when once it was discovered that they were so fat that they would yield a certain quantity of

## Boobies and Penguins



KING PENGUINS

They may be seen ranged along the narrow rock-ledges in rows like vases on the shelves of a china-dealer's shop.

salable oil. But I rejoice to say that the danger no longer exists. On Kerguelen, the Crozets, the South Shetlands, and such places, away down to Antarctica, the poor homely Penguin has our leave to live and be happy in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call him. And this is the more to be desired, because in the remote regions of the south the Penguin is really the only representative of land fauna. Even the seals are very few. But the Penguin congregates in his thousands, ungainly, mirth-provoking in appearance, but happy, and giving to those desolate regions the one touch of life that they need to keep them from becoming, in fact as well as in appearance, a land of death.

Now in the foregoing I have spoken, it may be thought, somewhat too slightly of one of God's creatures because of its laughter-provoking appearance. Why

should our risible faculties be excited by any creature perfectly fitted by its loving and all-wise Creator for its life-work? I do not excuse the laughter, I only note it, and quite admit that to a sparrow, for instance, if he possessed the power of laughter, a man may be the most ludicrous figure on earth, especially in a top-hat and holding up an umbrella. But though I plead guilty to having laughed at the Penguin, I have atoned. I have seen him in the

## Boobies and Penguins

water, and I laughed no longer. For that top-heavy body, that pathetically peering head, those feeble-looking flippers had all come into play. The first time I really knew the Penguin for what he really is was when, making a composite great circle track to New Zealand, we reached latitude 54° S., and, wonder of wonders, it fell a calm. Between 12 noon and 2 I was at the wheel, listless and cold, and gaping all around me at sea and sky, when suddenly a Penguin popped up alongside, gave one wide-eyed stare at the unfamiliar ship, and disappeared. But he was not satisfied. Three times he came back to look, and so clear was the water that I could follow his every movement beneath it, note his exceeding beauty and grace, and—mentally apologise to him for ever having thought him ungainly or ludicrous in any way. I should add that at this time we were certainly about a thousand miles from the nearest land, which perhaps will justify my inclusion of the Penguin among the honourable company of the deep-sea people.

The food of the Penguin is of course fish, with which those remote seas are teeming.

And this explains his amazing agility under water, for who would seize the living fish in his native element must needs move with a rapidity and a sinuous grace to which the most splendid efforts of a human athlete are very, very slow and clumsy indeed. But like most of the seals, and for probably the same hidden digestive reasons, the Penguin thinks well to burden his belly with boulders. Sir James Ross notes that in the stomach of one of them he found ten pounds' weight of quartz, granite, and trap. Well, the poor thing needs no doubt at too frequently recurring times something to impart a sense of fulness and stability to the stomach. For that organ is not only of huge size in proportion to the build of the bird, but has, in common with the seals and sharks, ay, the majority of the deep-sea people, a flood of digestive juices capable of dealing almost (as a sailor would say) with scupper nails.

Of the domestic virtues and daily shore life of the Penguin I dare not speak, as I have no personal knowledge, and my imagination recoils at the idea of cultivating the lares and penates on the eternally ice-bound shores of Antarctica.

## Shakespeare's Attitude to Puritanism

BY THE REV. DR. CARTER

AUTHOR OF "SHAKESPEARE, PURITAN AND RECUSANT," "SHAKESPEARE AND THE GENEVAN BIBLE"

SHAKESPEAREAN scholarship has done much in recent years to throw light upon the career of our greatest dramatist; but there is still much painstaking work to be accomplished before what may be termed a satisfactory life can be presented to us. One line of investigation which promises valuable results is Shakespeare's indebtedness to and attitude towards the spiritual and intellectual movement in English life which is known as Puritanism, a movement in many ways greatly misunderstood and too often confounded with what was poorest and basest in it. Among Shakespeareans the views of critics like Mr. Sidney Lee and Dr. Brandes have been generally accepted, and their very definite assertions on the matter of Shakespeare's hatred to Puritanism have been received without much scrutiny into their historical or literary correctness.

Mr. Lee has said that, "with Puritans and Puritanism, Shakespeare was not in sympathy. Shakespeare's references to Puritans in the plays of his middle life are so uniformly discourteous that they must be judged to reflect his personal feeling," and Dr. Brandes bases his conception of the character of the dramatist upon what he conceives to be a hatred of Puritanism manifested throughout the plays (Vol. I. 281). "We catch a glimpse at this point of one of the subsidiary causes of Shakespeare's melancholy: as actor and playwright he stands in a more and more strained relation to the continually growing Free Church movement of the age, to Puritanism, which he comes to regard as nothing but narrow-mindedness and hypocrisy. It was the deadly enemy of his calling. From *Twelfth Night* an unremitting war against Puritanism conceived as

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hypocrisy is carried on through *Hamlet*, through the revised version of *All's Well that Ends Well*, and through *Measure for Measure*, in which his wrath rises to tempestuous pitch and creates a figure to which Molière's *Tartuffe* can alone supply a parallel." Once started upon his career, Dr. Brandes presses Iago, Goneril, Regan, Timon, Malvolio, and Angelo into his theory, and uses expressions such as, "unctuous hypocrisy," "hypocritical virtue," "narrow-minded hypocrisy," "self-righteousness," "sanctimonious enemies," to illustrate Shakespeare's hatred of the Puritan model he was using. In Vol II. 77, he says, "It is a giant stride from the stingless satire of Puritanism in the character of Malvolio to this representation of a Puritan like Angelo." But is Angelo nothing but a Tartuffe, a sanctimonious hypocrite? Surely to make Angelo no more than this is to utterly misread the character. *Measure for Measure* is a trenchant sermon on the awful power of sin upon a man who up to the time of his greatest dignity, had not realised the true meaning and strength of Temptation. The unholy fire of his passion was lighted by one who, unlike the trifler and courtesan, had everything about her to induce to purity. "O, cunning enemy, that to catch a saint, with saints dost bait thy hook." At the end of the play the wise old counsellor Escalus does not speak to Angelo as an honest man would to a detected hypocrite. With sadness, he says—

"I am sorry, one so learned and so wise  
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appeared,  
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood—  
And lack of tempered judgment afterward;"

and receives the still more sad answer—

"I am sorry that such sorrow I procure;  
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,  
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;  
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it."

All this is far removed from the attitude of a sanctimonious hypocrite, and to say that Shakespeare's wrath against Puritanism rises to tempestuous pitch in the creation of the character of Angelo is to be ignorant of English history and to misuse words. Dr. Brandes, like many others, bases his conclusions upon the Puritanism of the Caroline and Commonwealth periods, when to be Puritan was to be prosperous, and the days of persecution had passed away,

leaving room for the snuffing and sanctimonious hypocrite to play his part. In the days of Elizabethan Ecclesiastical Enactments it took a brave man to be a Puritan. Whitgift and the Star Chamber soon winnowed out the hypocrites. There would no doubt be isolated cases of Puritan hypocrisy in Elizabeth's day, but Dr. Brandes' sweeping denunciations are entirely out of place in describing generally the great Puritan movement, and have about as much truth in them as a Cavalier caricature of Oliver Cromwell would be, which gave the Protector a hideously ugly wart for a face. Again, Mr. Sidney Lee says: "The circumstance that Shakespeare's father was the first bailiff to encourage actors to visit Stratford is conclusive proof that his religion was not that of the contemporary Puritan whose hostility to all forms of dramatic representations was one of his most persistent characteristics. The Elizabethan Puritans too, according to Guillim's *Display of Heraldrie* (1610), regarded coat-armour with abhorrence, yet John Shakespeare with his son made persistent applications to the College of Arms for a grant of arms." The applications were made in 1568 and 1596, but it is difficult to believe that Mr. Lee is serious in his argument when one remembers the men associated with the Elizabethan Puritan movement — Coverdale, Hooper, John Bodley (father of the founder of the Bodleian Library), Sir Anthony Cooke and his three daughters, Lady Burghley, Lady Russell, and Lady Bacon, the Earl of Leycester, Denzil Holles, Glynn (ancestor of the Hawarden Glynnnes), Sir Simonds D'Ewes, Sir William Waller, Sir Robert Harley, Sir Philip Stapleton, Colonel Massey, Sir Henry Vane, Nathanael Fiennes, the Earl of Essex, the Earl of Manchester, Philip Lord Wharton, Lady Vere, and Lady Fairfax, and multitudes of others whose arms may be seen to-day. Clearly these did not regard coat-armour with abhorrence. Guillim's statement made in 1610 was doubtless true of many of the low-born and fanatical Puritans, but it is not true of the Elizabethan Puritan movement. This is the style of argument—

Quakers are Nonconformists,  
Quakers do not believe in war,  
Therefore no Nonconformists are soldiers,  
which is absurd. Concerning antagonism to the Stage, it must be remembered that

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in many aspects the Elizabethan theatre did not commend itself to thoughtful minds. The gathering together of large numbers of people was sometimes attended with danger, and the strolling players were not of the most reputable character. But the legislation against stage players came from other quarters than Puritanism. High Church Bishops, Queen Elizabeth, James I., and many municipalities moved for enactments against the players on public grounds. As a matter of fact, it was early recognised by the Reformer that the Stage was admirably adapted for the teaching of religious principles. In Tudor days the Stage was to the people what the Art Gallery, the Newspaper, the Preacher, and Professor are to-day, and Protestant teachers soon recognised the opportunity afforded them and began to write religious plays.

Bale's comedy of the *Three Laws of Nature, Moses, and Christ*, 1538, was a bitter attack on Popery. In Mary's reign, 1556, a remonstrance was sent from the Privy Council to the effect that the servants of Sir Francis Lake were representing "certain Plays and Enterludes reflecting on her Majesty and King Philip, and the formalities of the Mass," and in 1559 it was enacted that no person should abuse the "Common Prayer in any Enterlude or play." The English drama may be fairly said to have taken its rise among those who afterwards became known as Puritans. Sackville and Norton were both intimately connected with them. Therefore to say that for a bailiff to encourage actors to visit a country town was to give a conclusive proof of his hostility to Puritanism is to go beyond any legitimate deduction from the historical facts. But we return to the statement that "Shakespeare's references to Puritans in the plays of his middle life are so uniformly discourteous that they must be judged to reflect his personal feeling."

The personal in Shakespeare is so difficult to trace that any instances which may reflect his personal feeling deserve the closest attention, and when a critic bases so important a judgment upon them they must be very definite in their teaching. Here the references are couched in language which is termed "uniformly discourteous." We turn, therefore, with deep interest to them, and find that Mr. Lee cites four in number—*Twelfth Night*, II. iii. 153;

*Winter's Tale*, IV. ii. 46; *Cymbeline*, I. i. 136, I. ii. 30. Not many references, but doubtless of absolute significance! They are worth more than a passing scrutiny.

*Maria*. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

*Sir Andrew*. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

*Sir Toby*. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight

*Sir Andrew*. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

*Maria*. . . . Puritan that he is, or anything constantly but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths; the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith that all that look on him love him.

Sir Andrew was a truckling coward, and his courage might have risen to the height of attacking a man if he thought that his religion would induce him to turn the other cheek to the smiter and submit to be beaten like a dog. This may have been his exquisite reason, but in any case the opposition of men of the drunken, royster type of Sir Andrew and Sir Toby is commendation rather than condemnation of Puritanism, and Maria expressly states that Malvolio is *not* a Puritan, although sometimes he affects the Puritan manner; he may be a pompous, solemn-faced, self-conceited ass, but not "a Puritan or anything constantly." It is hard to see that there is any discourteous reference in Maria's words.

The *Winter's Tale* reference is slight indeed—

*Clown*. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases: but one Puritan amongst them, and he sing psalms to hornpipes.

If anything, this is a stingless satire on the fondness of the Puritans and Calvinists for Marot's Psalm tunes, but it can hardly be said to be discourteous or to convey any personal feelings. The *Cymbeline* references are examples of Shakespeare's love of the quip—

*Cymbeline*. Past grace? obedience?

*Imogen*. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

Here Cymbeline in his anger uses the phrase "past grace," and Imogen turns

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the word "grace" into its theological meaning, but this is a mere play upon words, a favourite method with Shakespeare: in some instances we find him giving at least four meanings to the word, a title, dignity, faith, and thanks before meat. The other instance quoted by Mr. Lee is in I. ii. 30—

*Cloten.* And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

*2nd Lord (aside).* If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.

The second Lord has a bitter contempt for Cloten and a great admiration for Leonatus, and utters caustic asides when Cloten is speaking. His meaning in the words quoted above is that in choosing Leonatus Imogen has acted wisely, and so decisively that she is not likely to change her mind. If it were a sin to make such an election she would undoubtedly be lost, for nothing will cause her to depart from her choice. The reference is a Biblical one, based upon the text and ideas in Romans ix. 13, "Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated."

It is upon these instances that Mr. Lee makes his somewhat strong remarks of "uniform courtesy" and "personal feeling," but we submit that the words do not convey the meaning thus forced into them. If one were inclined, the task would not be a difficult one to prove that Shakespeare shows a distinct Puritan leaning in many well-known instances, for example in the *Comedy of Errors*, II. i. 77, we have a jest at the making of the sign of the Cross, and blessing—

I will break thy pate across.

*Dromio (Eph.).* And he will bless that cross with other beating:

Between you I shall have a holy head.

In *Love's Labour's Lost* we have the doctrine of justification by works referred to as a heresy. The Puritan doctrine of justification by faith needs no comment. IV. i. 21—

*Princess.* See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit.

O heresy in fair, fit for these days!

In *Troilus and Cressida* the read prayers of the Church Services come in for a criticism, II. i. 17—

*Thersites (to Ajax).* I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but I think thy horse will sooner

con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book.

In *Henry V.* we have the use of undoubtedly Puritan phraseology in "wafer-cakes," which was the Puritan method of referring to the Sacrament, "wafer-gods" and "wafer-cakes," II. iii. 51—

Trust none:

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes.

In the *Winter's Tale* we have the dramatist's condemnation of religious persecution, II. iii. 114—

*Paulina.* It is an heretic that makes the fire, Not she which burns in 't.

In *Troilus and Cressida* there is a reference to the evil of undue and ornate ceremonial, II. ii.—

"Tis mad idolatry

To make the service greater than the god.

These words sum up precisely what the Puritans were preaching all over the kingdom.

In *Twelfth Night* we have a very stinging reference to the dissembling clergymen who found in the cassock of the curate a cloak for religious wavering, IV. ii.—

*Maria.* Nay, I prithee put on this gown, and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate; do it quickly: I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

*Clown.* Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in 't; and I would I were the first that ever diasembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well: nor lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said, an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man, and a great scholar.

The accusation against Puritan preachers was that they would not dissemble, peace would have been assured to them if there had been on their part conformity even with dissembling. The surplice of humility might have been worn even over the big heart of a black gown, but the Puritan steadfastly refused, and the utmost scorn was expressed against those men who were pitchforked into benefices or held their living by abject conformity.

In 1579 the students of Cambridge complained that unlearned ministers, "nay, the scum of the people," were being preferred before those who would not submit to the subscriptions demanded by the

## Shakespeare's Attitude to Puritanism

ecclesiastical authorities, and in 1578 Cornwall sent up a petition to Parliament which set forth, "we have some ministers among us who labour painfully and faithfully in the Lord's husbandry, but these men are not suffered to attend their callings, because the mouths of Papists, infidels, and filthy livers are open against them, and the ears of those who are called lords over them are sooner open to their accusations, though it be but for ceremonies, than to the other answers."

Shakespeare's clown was only repeating the words of many earnest Puritans in England between 1578 and 1605, when he spoke of the dissemblers who hid their inefficiency and falsehood in the cassock of the curate.

In *All's Well that Ends Well* there is the reference to young Charbon the Puritan and old Poysam the Papist, and in I. iii. 92 the words of the clown, "Though honesty be no Puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart."

The difficulty here is in the words "big heart," which may mean either proud heart or generous heart. The black gown of a proud heart appears at first sight to be the natural contrast to the white surplice of humility, although one fails to see how such pride concealing itself in the garb of humility can be spoken of as not being hurtful. On the other hand, the meaning "generous heart" seems to make the words more fitting; the honest heart, even though it wear the surplice of humility or conformity over the black gown, would do no hurt. The true heart was the important thing. This attitude would fairly represent the standpoint of a thinker like Shakespeare, who was in great measure lifted above the arena of partisan strife.

One can hardly base an argument upon the play of *Pericles*, but in the second and fourth Acts there are words worth quoting, IV. vi. 7—

*Baird.* She has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a Puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her—

where a tribute is paid to the intellectual ability as well as to the goodness of the Puritan. Marina's high character was based upon high principle, and her skill

in defending her character was such that she would make Good of Supreme Evil, or, in other words, make a Puritan of the devil. In the second Act we are reminded once more of the rapacious pitchforked clergy, II. i. 32:—

*1st Fisherman.* Such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

*Pericles (aside).* A pretty moral.

*3rd Fisherman.* But if the good King Simonides were of my mind, we would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Compare this with a petition which was sent up to Parliament from Cornwall 1578:

"Therefore from far we come beseeching this honourable House to dispossess these dumb dogs and ravenous wolves, and appoint us faithful ministers who may peaceably preach the Word of God."

The well-known passage in *Twelfth Night*, II. iii.: "Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" is usually understood as being a jest against the austerity of the Puritan, but if the reference be established, it at least shows that to be a Puritan was to be virtuous, and therefore is commendation rather than depreciation. As may be seen also in the words of Dame Quickly in the first Act of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Speaking of her servant, the jovial Dame says, I. iv. 9—

An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way; but nobody but has his fault:—but let that pass.

If the servant is to be understood to be a Puritan the commendation of his character is worth noting. It would not be difficult to cite other instances, each one more direct than any of those which convey to Mr. Lee so clear an indication of Shakespeare's "uniform courtesy" to Puritanism, but enough has been adduced to show that very hasty deductions have been made by critics who claim to be well informed, and that there is still much to be done before we can reach the true standpoint for an adequate reading of the life and character of William Shakespeare.

## Off the Beaten Track in London

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CLIFTON



PYE CORNER, WHERE THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON CEASED

THE average Londoner is usually ignorant of the glorious city he lives in. It is no uncommon thing to meet a man who has spent a lifetime in London and never seen the interior of even St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey, and who knows nothing of the treasures hidden in the by-ways and alleys.

The countryman who spends a week in town goes one step further. He is an authority on the sixpenny-guide-book-London. He can tell you the cubic capacity of the Albert Hall, and the number of steps in the Monument. He knows that the great fire which the Monument commemorates began in Pudding Lane hard by, and stopped at Pye Corner, but because the Corner is off the beaten track he cannot tell you where it is.

Opposite Newgate Prison, running past St. Sepulchre's Church, is Giltspur Street. The first turning on the left is Cock Lane, the haunt of the famous ghost of Dr. Johnson's time. The "Fortune of War" public-house which stands on the corner there marks the site of Pye Corner. On the wall of the house in Giltspur Street you can see the stone image of an exceeding fat boy who, in his more prosperous days, in lieu of clothing, had across his arms and chest the following inscription:—

"This boy is in memory put up for the late fire of London occasioned by gluttony 1666."

Across Smithfield Square at the top of Giltspur Street, partially hidden in the wall, is a stone archway, having an iron gate. It is a relic of the past indeed, for it dates from 1123. It has witnessed some terrible scenes in the Square, and in its early days formed a proud entrance to the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great. Now it leads into a sort of passage, which in its turn leads to the church door. An old print of a couple of centuries ago shows this arch, gateless and not so worn, as an entrance to a sort of close which surrounded the church.

This district round St. Bartholomew's Church is one of the most quaint and interesting London contains. The narrow streets are tortuous. The houses are old, leaning against one another for support. The Cloth Fair is a typical specimen, better preserved than some of its



THE GATE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT,  
SMITHFIELD, DATING FROM 1123

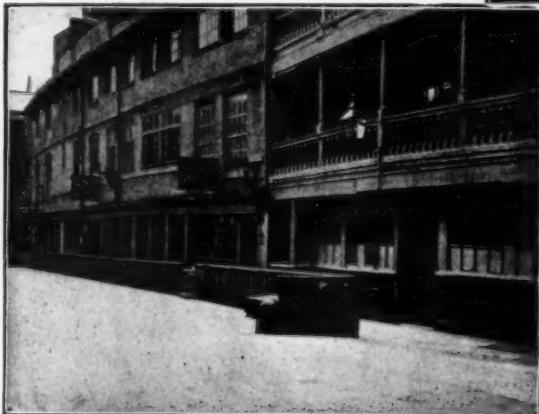
## Off the Beaten Track in London



AMEN COURT, PATERNOSTER ROW

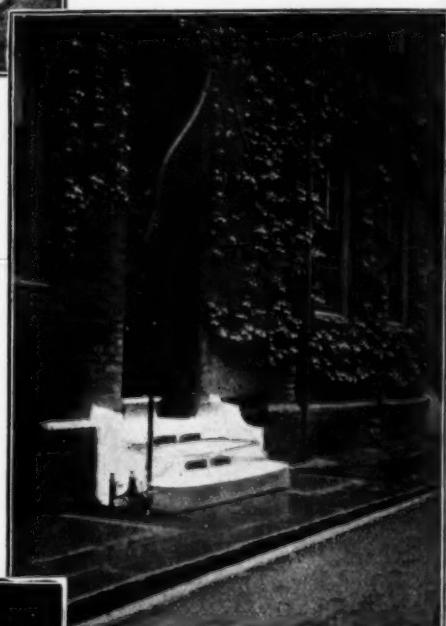
fellow, and carrying one back far into the past. It is not difficult to people this street in the imagination with the quaintly-dressed folk of long ago, doubletted and besworded, or with the famous 'prentice lads of old London.

In wandering through the by-ways of the great city one finds that London teems with charming surprises. Walk down Paternoster Row towards the west, and instead of turning round at Amen Corner step through those two high doors at the end of the street. "Amen Court" is painted on them, but that piece of information gives one no idea of the charming spot inside—trees and flowers, grass and quaint houses—a veritable oasis in a desert of streets.



THE OLD GEORGE INN, SOUTHWARK. THE LAST REMAINING BALCONIED INN IN LONDON

Again, when on London Bridge, walk down the Borough High Street a little way. Keep to the left, and watch for the sign of "The George." This is a noisy, bustling, busy neighbourhood, but "The George" is the last remaining old balconied inn London contains, and as such is worth a visit to much worse quarters. One must go right into the courtyard to see it best. It is eloquent of the coaching days. A Sam Weller, as he cleaned the boots below,



A DOORWAY IN AMEN COURT, PATERNOSTER ROW, SHOWING EXTINGUISHER FOR TORCHES

might well have flirted here with the pretty chambermaid leaning over the balcony, or exchanged witticisms with the ancient parrot before the doorway. A Mr. Pickwick might have chosen many a worse house whereat to dine, for the low-roofed rooms and old-fashioned bar are snug and cosy, and the good fare and genial waiter make dining there a pleasure. The present building dates from the time of the second

## Off the Beaten Track in London



THE GATE OF ST. STEPHEN'S, COLEMAN STREET, ERECTED TO COMMEMORATE THE PLAGUE

Charles, and was built on the site of a similar inn, which stood there till it was destroyed in the great fire of Southwark in 1676. The previous inn is mentioned by Stow as existing in 1554. It was known then as the "St. George."

The city contains two gates which are interesting memorials of the Great Plague. One stands in Coleman Street, a significant erection. Above the archway are a skull and cross-bones carved in the stone, and underneath a quaint alto-relievo of the Last Judgment. The gate leads to St. Stephen's

Church. At the time of the plague the then sexton, John Hayward, is said to have carried the "whole parish" dead to the burial-ground there. He lived for twenty years afterwards. The carving has been compared sometimes favourably, sometimes adversely, with a similar piece of work over the lich gate of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, Soho, another gateway little known and little visited.

The second memorial gateway is hidden in Seething Lane in the city. It is grim and forbidding with great spikes on the top, and is the entrance to St. Olave's, Hart Street, which is "our owne church"



A WELL-PRESERVED SPECIMEN OF THE OLD ROMAN WALL OF LONDON IN THE DISUSED CHURCHYARD OF ST. ALPHAGE, LONDON WALL



WARDROBE COURT

spoken of by Mr. Pepys. No less than 326 people were buried in the churchyard there from July 4th to December 5th, 1665. The condition of the churchyard worried Mr. Pepys not a little. He went there first after the Plague on January 30th, 1666, and tells us that "it frightened me indeed to go through the church more than I thought it could have done, to see so many graves lie so high up o the churchyards where people have been buried of the plague. I was much troubled at it, and do not think to go through it again a good while."

## Off the Beaten Track in London



THE LICH GATE OF ST. GILES-IN-THE-FIELDS, SOHO

But he went the next Sunday (February 4th) with his wife, and was much relieved to find that snow covered the graves, "So I was less afraid of going through." Dickens speaks of this gateway in his *Uncommercial Traveller*—"A small, small churchyard, with a ferocious strong-spiked iron gate, like a gaol. This gate is ornamented with skulls and cross-bones larger than life . . . which grin aloft horribly, thrust through and through with iron spears."



THE GATE OF ST. OLAVE'S, HART STREET, ALSO ERECTED TO COMMEMORATE THE PLAGUE. MR. PEPYS ATTENDED THIS CHURCH

It would be possible to mention many other places hidden away in unfrequented London. The remaining illustrations show this. That remnant of old London Wall becomes more and more interesting every year, for the other pieces which remained have nearly all disappeared, and this particular piece is an excellent specimen.

Wardrobe Court, lying among the small streets south of Ludgate Hill, marks the spot where the King's wardrobe once stood, an old house, built by Sir J. Beauchamp, who died in 1359. Before its destruction in the Great Fire, it was a valuable historic museum, containing, as it did, the royal clothes of many Kings of England. To-day it is a peaceful spot where the noise of the city hardly penetrates.

Above Paddington Station, where the three branches of the Regent's Canal meet, we have a wooded island, inhabited by a pair of swans.



THE JUNCTION OF THE CANALS NEAR PADDINGTON STATION  
770

## "Pelorus Jack"

A STRANGE NEW ZEALAND FISH

BY CONSTANCE A. BARNICOAT

To my certain knowledge fully ten years ago, and I think even longer ago than that, there was much talk in New Zealand of a mysterious white fish, the like of which had never been seen in waters of that Colony, which at that time no one could quite classify, and which came regularly to meet every steamer going through the dangerous French Pass, on the north coast of the South Island. People who had not seen this mysterious creature scoffed at and doubted its existence; and even when photographs were taken of it, that would not satisfy them. My home being in Nelson (north of South Island), it has been my lot frequently to make the 12- to 15-hour trip through the French Pass and the beautiful lake-like Pelorus Sound, across the stormy Cook Strait to Wellington (south of North Island). On an average, perhaps three or four steamers a day go that way, and unless the boat went through the Pass at a very late hour of night or very early in the morning, I always watched for Pelorus Jack. Any sailor or ship's officer could tell you exactly when he might be expected. The whole shipload of passengers, in fact, if not too seasick, would come on deck and watch for him.

About a year ago, one summer afternoon, I was leaning over the side of one of the New Zealand coasting-boats watching for Pelorus Jack. Any moment he might appear. Suddenly a great white form, indistinctly visible for a moment, darted through the waters and disappeared. Excited cries of "There he is!" and a general crowding to the side of the vessel. Another moment, and he rose to the surface alongside, and half out of the water—a beautiful, silvery white creature, with fins, in shape like a shark, fully 12 or 14 feet long, and with the graceful action of a porpoise, except that he never jumps more than half out of

the water, whereas a porpoise sometimes jumps entirely out. But the curves that he describes, half under the water and a little below the surface, are exactly those of a sportive porpoise.



WHITE FISH (12-14 FT. LONG), THAT MEETS EVERY STEAMSHIP AT A CERTAIN POINT ON THE NEW ZEALAND COAST

(Photo taken from steamer.)

On these small coasting-boats there is much licence allowed; and if one goes to the bows it is not immediately a case of "The officer on watch sends his compliments, etc." So as the vessel had almost stopped to take up some fish or mails or something, and Pelorus Jack had shot away to her bows, the ship's passengers followed him, and for twenty minutes or more every one leant

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## "Pelorus Jack"

over the bows watching the beautiful white creature dart backwards and forwards, exactly under the keel. Usually, however, he swims alongside, every few moments making a great rush and commotion in the water by coming up, apparently to breathe.

The sailors, who adore him, say he is fonder of some boats than of others; but this statement must be taken with some good sea-salt. Certain it is that day or night, wet or fine, year in year out, for ten or twelve years past he has come at a certain point to meet every boat going either way along Pelorus Sound, accompanied her a certain distance, and then left her, only to return to meet the next boat coming along. I have never looked in vain for him, nor ever heard of any one else who did. The last time I passed that way was at night. I had not realised that we were through the French Pass, and in the Sound, when suddenly some one called out "The Fish!" and a great, phosphorescent mass was plainly seen darting through the dark waters alongside—Pelorus Jack.

There are various theories to account for his meeting the steamers with such unfailing regularity. One is that he belongs to a species which usually goes in pairs, and the rushing, swishing noise made by the steamer cutting through the water is mistaken by him for the approach of another fish of his own species. If so, it is grievous to think what an infinity of disappointments the poor creature must have endured.

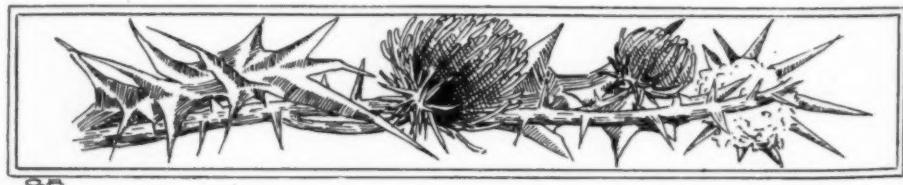
He cannot, of course, be caught in any net, for he is far too big, and any one who hurt him would be almost lynched by the sailors; but he is said to be a cetacean, and is classified, presumably correctly, as a Beluga (*Delphinapterus leucas*).

Another theory is that he comes because

he likes to scratch his back against the keel of the vessel to rub off any barnacles or other parasites that might possibly be growing there. I have sometimes fancied in watching him that there may be some truth in this. I never saw any food thrown to him, else a frequent explanation offered is, of course, that he comes to be fed. In that case, unless very greedy, he would hardly meet two vessels following closely on each other. Certain it is that he has absolutely no mate in New Zealand waters, nor, so far as any one knows, has such another fish ever been seen anywhere in that part of the world at all.

With the indestructible instinct of the Englishman to "go out and kill something," one of the returned troopers from the South African War, either actually attempted or suggested attempting to shoot Pelorus Jack. The result was that the Government took him under their protection, and he is perhaps the only individual fish in the world who has attained such a position of importance.

It is curious how sceptical people are as to his existence. The gentleman who took the accompanying photograph (who is well known in New Zealand, where he is now Attorney-General) told me he could by no manner of means convince some friends of his, whom he was accompanying from Wellington to Nelson, that the fish was not a traveller's tale. "Would they believe if they saw a photograph?" No; they could not even do that. "Would they believe if they saw the fish?" Yes; that they would do. Presently Pelorus Sound was reached, and Pelorus Jack came along, graceful as ever, and then they believed, but not before. Therefore I am quite prepared, whenever I tell this story, to be bidden in polite language go and tell it to the marines. But it is, for all that, no traveller's tale.



## The Critic on the Hearth<sup>1</sup>

BY JOHN A. STEUART



HAVE a habit or foible, call it which you will, of preserving old letters of a friendly kind. For the person who desires to be complacently contented, to be an optimist in spite of fate, this practice is obviously and distinctly bad. A very wise man has told us that we ought not to dwell on the past. Its pleasures are not to be recaptured; its pains, if recalled, merely vex or reopen wounds which time may have healed. I bow in reverence before that superior wisdom. All the same I persist in the folly of preserving old letters, like a sinner who sorrowfully assents when he hears of his sins, yet by some inexplicable fatuity goes on cherishing them. I take this to be one of the cardinal weaknesses of human nature. Think of the immense number of sermons which are preached annually by able and zealous men, sometimes by zealous and superhumanly gifted women; and think, alas, of the small effect they produce. What is the reason for the inefficacy? It is not, as superficial people aver, that the majority of us no longer pay any heed to sermons, or that we doubt orthodox doctrines and deductions. Not at all. It is simply that in our illogical human way we fail to apply conviction to conduct.

Most of us are perfectly sound in belief; I shudder to think how few of us are impeccable in action. I take no account of the eccentric dealers in paradox. These are generally harmless young persons, performing antics to attract the crowd. In the end they invariably turn out models of propriety who would as soon think of laying violent hands on the British constitution as of outraging a well-accredited convention. No, I'm referring to the noble, the solid and respectable middle-class to which I have myself the honour to belong. In all times and seasons that class means well. Let no man affirm or insinuate anything to the contrary and expect me to agree with him. It is by no means a present-day discovery that this great middle-class is the backbone of the British Empire, the prop of society, the hope of the future and the stalwart upholder of the present, especially in

the matter of taxes. I am aware it is often open to the good-natured ridicule heaped upon it by our gentle *persifleur*, the apostle of sweetness and light, though the defect is not the bluntness of feeling, the absolute insensibility to the beautiful and to culture deplored by Mr. Arnold; but the charming, if embarrassing inconsistency which is one of the primary qualities of British human nature. Luckily man is not a mere geometric problem to be summed up and expressed in an examination hall by any County Council scholar who chooses to essay the task.

"Have you forgotten the letters?" softly inquired Solomon, when the substance of the foregoing remarks was placed before the company at dinner.

"Please do not forget the letters," said the young lady classic. "It is so interesting to hear people in the confessional; and I agree it is nice to read old letters."

Even if they lacerate the feelings, I responded. There really is then a pleasure in pain.

"Certainly," said the Colonel. "Half the pleasure in life springs from pain."

I think that is putting it strongly; but I never argue with the Colonel. You don't dispute with the man who politely endorses your general views, thereby delicately indicating that you are a fellow of infinite penetration. I did not say he exaggerated, because on reconsideration I don't think he did exaggerate. Take this practice of re-reading old letters. It brings pain, yet in that pain there is a very subtle pleasure. That is why I like to turn occasionally and look back over the landscape I have passed. All persons of any soul know very well how agreeable it is to mark again the red of the heather tingeing the far horizon, the gleam of the distant water falling scattered down the rock, as Coleridge describes it, a shower of diamonds in the sun; to watch the cattle knee-deep in the clovered pasture, content beyond the dreams of philosophy, ay, and to inhale, though only through the imagination, the magic odour of June woods; or to loiter with one whose hand, now perhaps still and cold, or given to another, was once warm in yours. There indeed comes the sting of looking back.

You have probably remarked the ominous gap

<sup>1</sup> Copyright in the United States of America, by John A. Steuart, 1904.

## The Critic on the Hearth

which a single decade makes in your circle of friends. For yourself you are still in the forefront of things, strong and eager, pushing on to the El Dorado which lies just beyond the rim of the horizon, as ardently as ever, perhaps more ardently than ever now that you are in the full swing of your stride. You are in all essentials the very man you were at five-and-twenty; not a day older to judge by your feelings, less fond of trivialities, somewhat enlarged in girth perhaps, the years being generous, and vastly better off, let us assume, in regard to pocket-money, but really with all the qualities of youth undimmed, all the vigour of youth unabated. You are still planning, striving, achieving. Ambition like a hound on the leash strains to be at this or that fresh game. What you have done is but the meagre token of what you mean to do. Alexander could find but one world to conquer and must needs die of disgust and disappointment. You discover world beyond world, each new realm fairer and richer than the one already at your feet. You mean to leave a vast estate behind you, so that even from the grave you may move men to envy; you mean to direct armies, to sway cabinets, to write immortal books, paint immortal pictures, design everlasting cathedrals. If you are of the right sex you may even aspire to lead fashion. In the midst of your enterprises chance brings to your hand an old letter.

You read it and sigh. Poor Harry! He too was once thrilled by ambition, once planned and strove mightily; but the last time you visited the old village you read, with feelings not to be described, the inscription on his tombstone. It did not say half as much as you knew. The name, the dates, the memorial verse, setting forth in death the hope of life, seemed a poor epitome of the friendship which once was yours. Yet no pomp of eloquence could appeal to you with half the poignancy of that brief record. You remember the pathetic air from the harp of David over his lost child: "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." Perhaps you think of that as you read again Harry's letter telling of some promising scheme, something to be attained which would indubitably confer lasting happiness. Perhaps Harry tells you, with a rapture which seems very strange now, that the best girl in the world has at last consented, and—but there is no need to read on. As I expressed these sentiments I marked a look of sudden wonder and intentness in the face of the young lady classic. All things considered that was not surprising. But it was surprising

to note the singular expression which simultaneously came into the Colonel's face, an expression which is perhaps best described as one of quivering emotion.

"It is curious," he said quietly, keeping feeling in hand like a soldier, "that you should chance to say that. The world often wonders in its rude way why such and such a man or woman remains single, and guesses reasons which are generally wrong. Let us take a case which is beyond conjecture. You will recall the profound impression which the tragic end of Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot, made on the public mind. The public, however, forgot quickly, as it still forgets; but there was one who did not forget. Read again if you please the little sketch by Washington Irving which he calls 'The Broken Heart,' in my opinion a gem of tenderness and truth. One sentence sticks in my memory; it is this: 'There are some strokes of calamity which scathe and scorch the soul, which penetrate to the vital seat of happiness, and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom.' I think that is true. Moore, in what has always seemed to me the most beautiful of his minor poems, celebrates the same event.

'She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,  
And lovers around her are sighing;  
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,  
For her heart in his grave is lying.'

"Will your cynic digest that? Will your pessimist, who refuses to see the sun at noon, continue to deny the steadfastness and fealty of the human heart?"

"Washington Irving himself remained single for a very interesting and tender reason," put in the Curate, almost blushing over his own words.

"He did, he did," returned the Colonel quickly. "These are notable instances, because the magician fame has made them her own. But I tell you common human nature is often just as loyal, just as noble. Nothing astonishes me more than the constant goodness of men and women who have no thought of being heroic. Oh, I tell you there is hope of humanity notwithstanding the dismal noises of the croakers. But I have switched you off the track; I switch you on again and apologise."

Some of us wondered how far a personal experience prompted this little outburst. Was the Colonel in old age still cherishing a youthful

## The Critic on the Hearth

dream? Was he keeping one bright romance inviolate to the end? From her wistful expression I know the young lady classic thought so. It was interesting to interpret his punctilio old-world gallantry to the sex in the light of an unconfessed confession. There had been, it pleased us to think, an hour of celestial rapture; but, as the novelists say, something happened, or, as the ancient Greeks would have said, destiny intervened. The dream remained a dream, with this effect, that ever after woman was to the dreamer a kind of divinity to be treated with tender reverence. It is thus that in the eyes of a man one good woman glorifies the whole sex.

Even Solomon appeared to be touched in the secret places of his heart by the Colonel's tone. Perhaps he was telling himself that the experience which keeps men for ever young might certainly be worth having; and that for the future he would keep his social eye open. The Colonel, it was plain, held his faith untarnished. He had done the state some service in Othello's way; but it was agreeable to think that the smoke of battle had not so much as dimmed the early vision. My own private impression is that he still looks forward to the fulfilment of the long-cherished dream. Do you remember how in the ancient play Hippolytus brings the flowery chaplet to Diana—

"From meadows where no shepherd his flock  
a-field e'er drove,  
From where no woodman's hatchet hath woken  
the echoing grove,  
Where o'er the unshorn meadow the wild bee  
passes free.  
Where by her river-haunts dwells virgin  
Modesty;  
Where he who knoweth nothing of the wisdom  
of the schools  
Bareth in a virgin heart the fairest of all  
rules;  
To him 'tis given all freely to cull those self-  
sown flowers,  
But evil men must touch not pure Nature's  
sacred bowers.  
This to his virgin mistress a virgin hand doth  
bear—  
A wreath of unsold flowers to deck her  
golden hair."

The lover, it seemed to me, was still holding that wreath of unsold flowers for a head that would always be young and golden.

The Colonel made us describe a wide arc, but left us still in touch with old letters. He remarked presently, with the invincible optimism of a veteran who has weathered many tempests,

that old letters need not necessarily suggest sad thoughts. Harry indeed disappears, and the might-have-been pathetically engages our minds. But what warrant have we, he demanded, to think regretfully of Harry? If we looked at the matter with eyes from which the scales of prejudice or superstition had dropped, we might understand that he had simply been promoted on a shorter probation than is necessary for us. In that view is there any room for pity? The Colonel owned that vacant chairs are apt to be depressing. For that reason he has ceased to attend anniversary dinners commemorating this or that event in our recent military history. One is not wise in disregarding the sword of Damocles, but neither is one wise in brooding upon it.

"Since it is sure to fall," said the Colonel, "the great thing is to be ready. When the last Marathon or Waterloo veteran died a perfectly natural thing happened. Nature turned a leaf in the book of time, transferring another fraction of the past from the transiency of living memory to the permanent region of historic fact where it is safe. The process goes on daily. What then? Would you have the Alexanders and Napoleons, the Homers and Shakespeares live in the dotage of decrepit age? Think well, and you will find an infinite fitness in things."

He went on to expound the gospel of cheerfulness from the text of old letters. Harry's letter made you somewhat over-serious. To restore the balance here is one from Dick, which made you smile because of its preposterous and extravagant hopefulness. Is it not pleasant to reflect that the preposterous Dick has more than justified his absurdity? In your heart you half expected him to starve at the law. True, through many years he had a struggle for bread. But he persevered in that exhilarating folly of his, and behold him to-day—Sir Richard, if you please, delivering judgments in the High Court of Justice. You say he was never brilliant; so much the greater cause for rejoicing, since he has made the most of his few talents.

"By an odd coincidence," the Colonel proceeded, "only this morning I was looking through a packet of old letters—"

"Then," cried the young lady classic eagerly, "you preserve them?"

"Yes, my dear," answered the Colonel. "I am not of those who fling away the past, like old clothes that one is done with. In that respect I am a conservative of the conservatives.

## The Critic on the Hearth

Well, in this packet there were letters from half-a-dozen men who have all done better than the most sanguine of them expected to do. Three of them are, or were, in my own profession, the rest in civil life. I could give you other instances of the same thing. In fact, notwithstanding the lamentations over disappointed hopes and falsified promises, I am convinced it is by no means a rare experience to outstrip one's early ambitions. In every profession and calling there are men who must be a constant surprise to themselves in the matter of success."

"Do you imagine there are any who feel they don't deserve it, Colonel?" asked Solomon.

"Yes," the Colonel replied. "Since you ask, I believe there are men who modestly feel in their hearts they don't deserve it."

"I never heard that any of them made that confession in public," rejoined Solomon.

"May I take the liberty of asking a purely personal question?" said the Colonel politely.

"Certainly," returned Solomon briskly. "Fire away."

"Then have the goodness to tell me this—if you found yourself in possession of a million sterling to-morrow morning, would you honestly feel you deserved it?"

"I should probably be so elated as to forget all about deserving or not deserving it," laughed Solomon.

"Let us take the point at which the first gush of joy and excitement would be over," said the Colonel. "Suppose the novelty of having a million is past; then if you reflected at all on the matter, would not candour compel you to own to yourself that if it were a question of pure merit the million would in all likelihood have gone somewhere else? A latter-day philosopher has divided mankind into two classes—those who deserve little and get much, and those who deserve much and get little."

"That's me," cried Solomon, incontinently disregarding grammar.

The Colonel smiled, and went on, "I believe that the primary feeling of the men who get the great prizes of life is one of astonishment. Egotism enables them to bear up as if the thing were perfectly natural; but in their hearts they feel that their good fortune is mainly due to events or circumstances, or powers outside of themselves. In the common phrase they have been lucky. So it comes about that when Mr. Attorney-General is made Lord Chancellor his first sensation is one of giddiness, and this, mark you, though he may

long have been sure of the promotion. The new bishop, the new commander-in-chief, the author who booms, none can tell why, the politician who finds himself in the Cabinet, the coster who finds himself in a corner shop, must all have the same feeling during the first twenty-four hours of greatness."

Do I believe in keeping a diary as well as in keeping old letters? It was the young lady classic who asked this question; and her tone and expression clearly implied a secret impulse to commit her confidences to the pages of a diary. The answer must be qualified. A private diary that really is private doubtless affords the diarist much pleasure. But you are to consider the danger of its falling into the hands of the scoffer.

"Like love-letters in the law-courts," put in Solomon, with a snigger. "Then Cupid makes sport for the Philistines while twelve good men and true appraise the damage he has done to young affection. It's an interesting spectacle."

I fear Solomon is at present a cynic. But he will improve when his own turn comes, and Cupid tickles him gently under the chin. Meantime you are to remember that he is very young and very full of the superior contempt of his age for the sentimental. I prophesy he will presently arrive, as John Bull never fails to arrive, at perfect orthodoxy; he will be a married man before he knows where he is. Touching a diary, the person who commits thoughts to paper must observe the strict rule of secrecy. There are diaries, of course, which are really intended for the public eye—Byron's, Scott's, Carlyle's, to take familiar examples; but I am not thinking of these.

"Aren't you somewhat illogical," inquired the young lady classic, "to preserve letters and speak against diaries?"

My dear young lady, I belong to that large class who instruct by precept rather than example. I am illogical. In any competition in which there was a prize for a plenteous lack of logic I should stand an excellent chance of being first. Why do I deprecate the keeping of a diary, not meant for the public eye? I will answer you in a sentence. Because of all judgments the most remorseless is self-judgment. You may reflect calmly on the failures of others as suggested by old letters; it is intolerable to be reminded of your own, say twenty years after date in words written by yourself. Avoid the experience if you would be happy.



## Over-Sea Notes

E. Hargrove

### From Our Own Correspondents

#### Temperance Legislation in Ontario

IN Ontario, Canada, the provincial Government is working diligently on a stringent Temperance Bill which it is pledged to pass. The majority in the referendum last year, though not large enough to carry that policy in its most stringent form, was yet of such proportions as that the Government has been obliged to regard it as a mandate for restrictive legislation. Premier Ross has been notified by representative temperance men that three points will be insisted on: The abolition of the bar; the suppression of drinking in clubs; and the prohibition of treating. The prospect is that the measure soon to be introduced will cover all these points adequately, and that a large contingent will join the Government in enacting it.—A. C. W.

#### Adopted Children in Canada

In more than one respect the Colonies are ahead of the Mother country, and Canada, in particular, is always ready to lead the way in some new line of progress. In nothing, however, is Canada more in advance of England than in her treatment of neglected and delinquent children. The Children's Aid Society of Ontario came into existence in 1892 under a law passed in that year creating a State Department for the care of Neglected and Dependent Children. By the same law, juvenile offenders are entirely separated from adults both before, during and after trial, and trials of boys and girls are held privately without the odium and publicity of the police court. The Children's Aid Society, whenever possible, takes charge of young offenders, and where their offences are the result of neglect and bad surroundings, it endeavours to reclaim them by removing them from their surroundings and placing them with foster parents, preferably in the country. Neglected and destitute children are also cared for in the same way, and during the last ten years, over 2000 children—almost every one

of whom would otherwise have grown up to be either a criminal or a pauper, and a charge to the country—have been placed with foster parents and given a good start. The Society keeps track of all children that have passed under its care, and according to its report for 1903, not one of these 2000 children was then in gaol. At first there was some difficulty in finding homes for the children; but as the work of the Society became better known, a demand for foster children was created, and, at the present time, many more homes are offered than there are children for them.

In addition to the care of Canadian children, the Department exercises an oversight over the children who are taken to Canada from Great Britain. Of these, by far the largest number are the boys and girls from Dr. Barnardo's homes. Seven hundred Barnardo boys and 420 girls went to Canada in 1903. These children are already of a serviceable age when they arrive, and as they have been trained in domestic and other work, they readily find homes, and there is a constant and eager demand for them. They are well treated and given opportunities for education, and are counted among the most desirable and welcome immigrants into Canada. Besides the Barnardo children, there were 555 other English child immigrants in 1903. All this immigration is under the strictest regulation, and the greatest possible care is taken by the Department of Neglected Children both to exclude undesirable children, and to protect those who are admitted. The cost of sending a child to Canada is £15. Once adopted they are no further cost to the Government or the Society in charge of them, as, even in the case of the adoption of infants or very small children, the foster parents bear all the cost of their maintenance; and in the case of older children, who assist their foster parents, a small sum of money is put away for them year by year, until they wish to leave to go into situations or to take more remunerative work.—A. G. P.

## Over-Sea Notes

### Italian Immigration and the Cotton Industry

A SOCIAL and economic change of much significance in the United States, and not without its portent for Lancashire, is now going on in the Southern States. After years of effort these States are at last diverting a small part of the immigration from Europe in their direction. Hitherto immigration has gone to the West, Middle West, and the North Atlantic States, and it has been found next to impossible to turn any part of it to the old slave States, where cotton is grown, and where since the early nineties it has been manufactured on an increasing scale. In the first seventy years of the nineteenth century newcomers would not go south because of the South's peculiar institution. As long as slavery lasted, landless white people, who must earn their daily bread by manual or artisan labour, were classed as white trash, and they occupied an equivocal position between the planters on the one side and the free negroes and slaves on the other. The traditions were all against manual labour for white people. These traditions long survived the war of the Rebellion; and exert themselves as they would, the old slave States could not attract immigration. In the last twenty years of the nineteenth century the South really needed it. White people were desired to counterbalance the growing numerical preponderance of the negroes, with the political dangers which accompanied this preponderance; and as the iron and coal resources of the South were developed, and as cotton manufacturing on a modern scale was extended, a large incoming of whites was also desirable in the interest of these new industries. Still, until about three years ago, newcomers from Europe were shy of the South, and continued to follow the blazed trail.

Now, however, Italian immigration is turning southwards in a constantly increasing stream, and a cordial welcome everywhere awaits the newcomers. Mississippi is getting most of them; and already the Italians are pretty well established in the larger cotton plantations, or are raising cotton on a small scale on ten-acre holdings of their own. Recent high prices and this immigration will tend to the cultivation of an increased area of cotton. In this way there may be some relief in a few years for Lancashire. But the incoming of a large white population will also add to the number of women and children available for the cotton

mills, and against this labour available for the Southern mills, Lancashire will also have to meet an increased competition in the Far East. Hitherto it has not been lack of capital which has tended to keep down the number of cotton factories in the South. Capital was never more abundant than it has been during the last three years of high-priced cotton. In the mills, however, whites will not work with negroes, and the limit to available white labour was coming very clearly into sight.—E. P.

### Music and Finance at the Vatican

FROM all parts of the world the re-establishment of the Gregorian chant in Roman Catholic churches, ordered by Pius X., was greeted with satisfaction and approval, it being a return to the classic traditions of religious music, and a banishment from the House of God of the *mondaine* music which had gradually crept in. According to a report which came to the Vatican, there were churches in which things had reached such an extreme, that, to repeat the words of the prelate who sent the report, they were transformed into "cafés chantants." A radical reform was therefore indispensable, and once initiated, it is only very natural that it found general support in all true lovers of sacred music. The Vatican has, however, succeeded in making it a source of gain, not in the sense of the prestige which comes to the Church from having put a stop to the scandal of dramatic music being performed during ceremonies, but from a money-making point of view. It has, in fact, been decided that the text of the Gregorian music to be used will be issued by the Vatican Printing House, from which alone it will be possible to buy it, no reproduction being permitted, and all churches, from the largest cathedrals to the smallest chapels, being compelled to provide themselves with this edition. This means a compulsory success of a book of music that not even the best operas of Verdi and Wagner have certainly attained, and no matter how small the gain of the Vatican for each copy, it will represent such a large speculation as to considerably strengthen the Peter's pence, which is gradually falling off. In this way art and finance are combined, as has been done in sending the exhibits to the St. Louis Fair, which include twenty-four examples of work made by the Vatican mosaic factory, with the notice that they can be sold in America, and if required, orders can be taken.—I. C.

### Lady Parliamentary Candidates in Australia

AN interesting feature of the Federal elections was the nomination of lady candidates in the two leading States. Victoria only had one lady candidate—Miss Vida Goldstein—who stood for the Senate as a Democratic reformer. For the Senate a vote is taken all over the particular State, so that the candidates have a lot of travelling to do to reach the electors. Miss Goldstein went to all the principal towns, and introduced a novelty by charging a silver coin for admission to her meetings. As she was young, good-looking, and a capital speaker, her meetings were crowded, and it is believed that her receipts more than counterbalanced her expenses. She announced that, having no private means, she was compelled to charge to pay her way, and that if there were any balance over at the close she would hand it to the charities. In spite of very fair support from the female voters, Miss Goldstein only polled something over 30,000 votes, as against over 80,000 recorded for the lowest of the four successful candidates. There were eighteen candidates, and Miss Goldstein was fifteenth on the list. For the New South Wales Senate there were three lady candidates, and they all polled so badly that they will forfeit their deposits (£25 each). A lady candidate was announced for a seat in the New South Wales House of Representatives, but she did not go to the poll; while in Queensland another lady candidate did likewise. Altogether the result was not encouraging to the lady candidates, and it is not likely that we shall hear any more of them for some time. It was very noticeable that they only got a small minority of the female electors' vote, though they tried hard to get a solid vote from them.—F. S. S.

### Australian Problems

THE future of Australia is providing food for serious reflection in the minds of those who have the best interests of the country at heart.

There is no doubt that on the part of many who entered with enthusiasm upon Federation, there is a feeling of disappointment that so little has yet been achieved, and could a vote be again taken, many would certainly desire a return to the old order of things, though how that would mend matters is hard to see. The causes of the disappointment are not far to seek.

First, the doings of our first Parliament were

not such as to inspire confidence in the statesmanship of our legislators. Measures irritating to large sections of the community were proposed and often carried, and even amongst those who desired the adoption of certain bills there is not much admiration for the way in which their passage through the House was obtained.

Then it cannot be denied that Socialism has made a great advance here, notably in Victoria, where the English Labour leader, Tom Mann, has been lecturing for months. Socialism is now being constantly preached under favourable conditions, for its advocates believe that Australia, by reason of its distance from old-world poverty and hardship, and the better conditions under which men live here, is admirably situated for the great socialistic experiment which they desire. The better type of these advocates will tell you that they believe it to be providentially so situated.

New Zealand, where the legislation is increasingly socialistic, has had a time of great prosperity, and in the popular mind the legislation is the cause of the prosperity.

And there is little doubt that while the mass of our community is loyal to the core, there is a rougher element which mouths its views in parks on Sunday afternoons, who desire that the Imperial connexion should be severed, for that would always be a check on the full measure of communism they desire. And rough as the element is it has its influence. It makes itself heard; it has votes and it must be reckoned with.

Then we are certainly not making much addition to our population. Many of our younger men, as I wrote you before, have sought other lands, and we have legislated severely against the incoming of the skilled British workman, if he comes under contract, as well as against the dark-skin, and our birth-rate shows a decline almost as alarming as that of some of the effete peoples of the Old World. This is certainly not a reassuring sign.

And last, but not least, the growing power of the peoples of the East is bound to be felt by us in days to come. The late Professor Pearson was laughed at when he gave his pessimistic opinion on the subject, but we are too near those dense multitudes to shut our eyes to the acts of our neighbours, and consequently thoughtful men are asking if the amazing advance of Japan, especially in the event of a huge diplomatic or naval and military victory, augurs well for us.—A. J. W.

## Over-Sea Notes

### Centenary Celebrations at Hobart

THE Centenary of the founding of Hobart, which was celebrated towards the end of February, though it made but little stir beyond the immediate vicinity of the city, is another interesting reminder of the history that was being quietly made in these southern parts one hundred years ago.

The principal function was the unveiling of a monument at Risdon Cove, where Lieutenant Bowen landed in September 1803. When the writer visited the spot a few weeks back he saw the monument, which is hewn from Tasmanian bluestone placed upon a substantial base. The memorial is not of great height or imposing proportions, but there is a ruggedness about it which seems to fit in with the surroundings, and to fitly commemorate the hardy pioneers who first explored these unknown shores. The stone steps which mark Bowen's landing-place are still there and in good preservation a few feet in front of the monument, while winding up the

hill to the right is a path to an old building still standing, which in the long ago did duty as a Government House.

Another interesting function which took place was the laying of the foundation-stone of the new Public Library by the Governor, Sir Arthur Havelock, for the erection of which Mr. Andrew Carnegie has given the sum of £7500. This, I think, is the first occasion on which a gift from the American millionaire has been received and utilised in Australia, although he has already made a grant to an institution in New Zealand.

The celebrations began with appropriate religious services on the Sunday, and additional interest was given to them by the presence of the Fleet under Vice-Admiral Fanshawe, which makes Hobart its head-quarters in summertime. Hobart is indeed beautiful for situation. Built on the bank of the majestic Derwent, on whose waters could swing the navies of the world, and backed by the massive front of Mt. Wellington, few places in Australia can compare with it.—A. J. W.



Drawn for "The Leisure Hour" by

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M. P. Dunlop

# Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.



THE OUTER EDGE OF PART OF THE CORAL ISLAND OF FUNAFUTI, SHOWING THE BEACH WHICH IS JUST AWASH AT LOW TIDE, AND THE BANK OF CORAL ROCK IN THE BACKGROUND

## Fairy Rings of Coral

A BAND of coral rock more or less circular in outline and bearing a rich growth of cocoanut palms and other tropical forms of vegetation; on the outer rim the ocean breaks on a dazzling white beach of coral, and inside the ring is a lagoon of clear green water large and deep enough to give anchorage to a fleet—such are the general characteristics of the coral islands or atolls which are plentifully scattered throughout the Pacific and Indian Oceans. The island of Funafuti is typical of a great group of atolls in the Pacific; the lagoon has a length of fourteen miles and a breadth of nine miles, and it is in free communication with the ocean through gaps in the coral rim, and also on account of the porous character of the rock, in the upper portions at all events. Inside, this body of salt water is as deep as the Straits of

Dover, and outside the shore sinks rapidly to many times that depth.

To account for formations of this character has long been a difficulty with naturalists for several reasons. First, there is the ring or horse-shoe form of the coral rock, and then there is the fact that the coral organisms, the remains of which build up the islands, do not flourish at greater depths than between twenty and thirty fathoms of water, and are, for the most part, restricted to fifteen fathoms; moreover, they perish when exposed above water, so that they are powerless to raise the land above low-water mark. The coral polyps, which resemble sea anemones in structure, and are popularly but incorrectly described as coral insects, feed on simple forms of plant life; and the depths at which they can live are determined by the depth at which the light necessary for these plants can penetrate sea-

## Science and Discovery

water. Dead coral is found at much greater depths, but how it got there is still somewhat of a puzzle.

Some time ago the Royal Society organised an expedition to investigate by means of a boring the depth and structure of a coral reef. Funafuti was selected for investigation, because it was typical of a group which probably had a common cause for the formation of their necessary foundations; and, after several attempts, a boring eleven hundred feet deep was reached, and the core of rock obtained was sent to London for examination. The report upon this expedition and its results

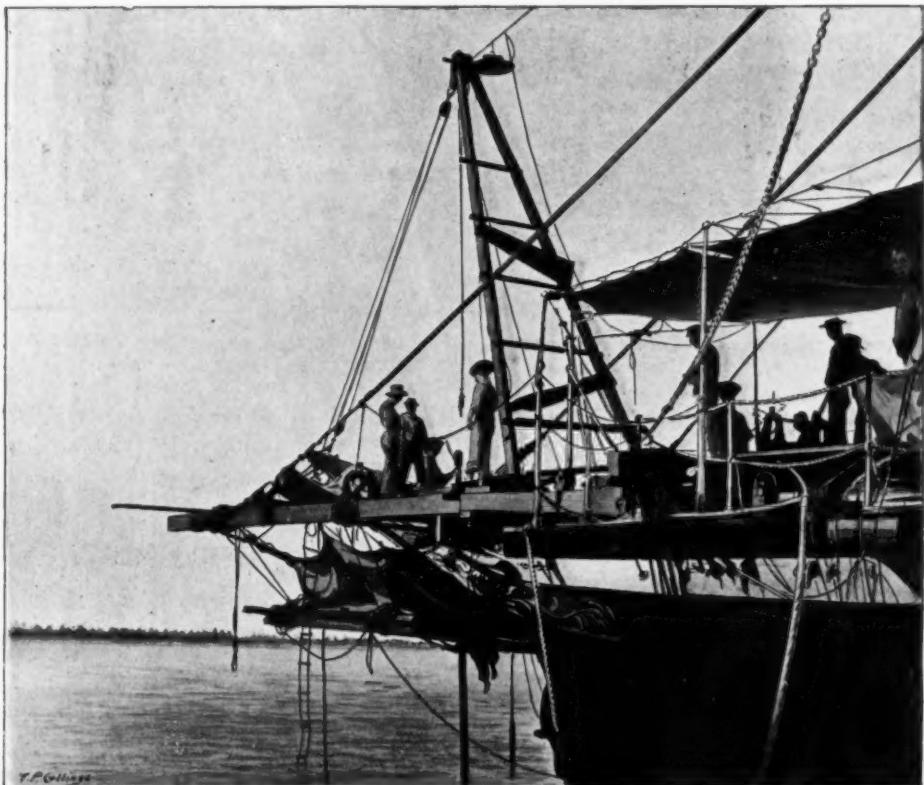


A LIVING COLONY OF REEF-BUILDING CORALS

From Parker and Haswell's *Text-book of Zoology*. By permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.

has just been published; and as it gives for the first time the zoological and chemical composition of an atoll down to the depth mentioned it forms a most important contribution to natural science.

There are numerous forms of coral polyps, but many of them have the appearance of the flower of a China-aster. The feelers spread out like those of a sea anemone, and collect the food upon which the animal lives. Mineral salts are extracted from the sea-water, and deposited at the base of the polyp as a solid cement which fixes the animal to the surface to which it is attached. When the polyp dies the



BORING APPARATUS RIGGED UP ON H.M.S. PORPOISE IN THE LAGOON OF FUNAFUTI

## Science and Discovery

soft parts decay and are washed away, while the calcareous skeleton is left as a contribution to the rocks of the earth. The living coral polyps on a reef thus represent the summit of a monument built up of what may be termed the bones of their ancestors.

Suppose the coral monument to be erected on land which is slowly sinking. The part which is carried down below a depth of about thirty fathoms—that is, one hundred and eighty feet—is dead coral, but the polyps still build upward until their remains nearly reach the surface. On this explanation every coral island marks a subsiding part of the ocean floor. This view was held for many years; but more recently another explanation has been gaining ground; briefly it is that atolls are rims of coral rock built upon volcanic islands, or upon parts of the ocean floor brought within the range of life of reef-building corals by submarine elevations or by the deposit of the remains of organisms which live and die below the depth to which reef-building corals are limited. When a mass of coral rock built on these foundations reaches the surface it is approximately flat, but as the supply of food inside the margin is less than on the outside, the central part is in the course of time dissolved away so as to produce a hollow which forms a lagoon. It was to provide evidence for consideration in connexion with these theories that the expedition to Funafuti was undertaken; and it may be said at once that though the results obtained are very valuable, and seem to favour the theory that the atoll is on sinking land, they cannot be regarded as proving either case conclusively.

The bank of coral rock which encloses the lagoon at Funafuti is about seven or eight feet high, and in places rises to sixteen feet. Outside this bank, a view of which is given in the accompanying illustration, is a platform of coral covered by the ocean at high tides, and dry at low tides. From the low-tide mark the atoll slopes abruptly to a depth of nearly nine hundred feet, and then the slope is gentle down to the ocean floor eighteen thousand feet below sea-level. Funafuti may thus be regarded as an isolated conical mountain rising above the general level of the surrounding ocean floor, and crowned with coral rock and sand. The general depth of the lagoon inside the coral wall is one hundred and twenty feet, and the bottom is covered with a thickness of about eighty feet of sand composed of fragments of coral and other calcareous remains of simple forms of plants and animals. Below this depth

the rock obtained by a boring was found to be a rubbly limestone in which the remains were bound together with a crystalline substance of the same composition as chalk.

As to the main boring which was carried down to a depth of eleven hundred and fourteen feet from the actual reef, examination of the core brought up shows that the same organisms occur from top to bottom, but in different proportions—sometimes the remains of corals predominating, in other parts the shells of deep-sea animals, and sometimes the chalky relics of oceanic plants. The lower third of the core is practically solid rock, and the upper two-thirds is mainly incoherent or lightly-cemented rock like limestone. The whole core appears to consist of the same materials, and to have been formed in the same way, though the parts at the lower levels had undergone great chemical and mineralogical changes. No remains of organisms other than those that live at the upper surface were found. Not a trace of pumice or any other product of volcanic action has been noticed in any part of the core, and no foundation rock of an earlier geological age than the present was reached.

The results of the boring are thus to a large extent negative; for it was expected that a foundation rock of a different character would have been reached at a less depth than that actually attained. But though nothing has been definitely decided, the material obtained for study will enable naturalists to consider the origin and growth of coral atolls from a firmer point of view than has hitherto been occupied.

In the course of the report several curious incidents are described. On one occasion a gearing wheel of the boring apparatus was damaged so seriously that it was feared it would be necessary to suspend operations for a long time until another could be obtained. A native who was watching an artificer attempting to repair the wheel exclaimed that he had a wheel like the broken one, and he went away and dug it up from the roots of one of his coconut palms, where he had put it as a fertiliser. It appeared subsequently that the wheel had been left behind by a previous boring expedition.

Handsome acknowledgment is made in the report of the services rendered by the London Missionary Society, which lent its steam yacht, *John Williams*, to carry the gear from Sydney to Funafuti, and in other ways assisted the expedition.



### A JAPANESE TEMPLE

Mortuary Temple of Tenobu, sixth Shogun of the Tokugawa dynasty, Shiba Park, Tokyo. This glorious building, perhaps the finest of the magnificent mortuary shrines and temples at Shiba, is fortunately in excellent preservation. The carving is perfect and delicately tinted, and the vista of the altar as one stands on the white square under the eaves "reveals an indescribable glory of blended gold and colours." The soffited ceiling is considered a masterpiece.



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[Facing Matter.]

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An Oxfordshire Surgeon writes:—"I am trying it ('Antipon') in a serious case of a man weighing sixteen stone, short, and with heart affection. He already has lost three stone."

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ACTS AS A WONDERFUL TONIC ON THE ENTIRE SYSTEM

Those who carefully read the leading organs of opinion must have been struck by the remarkable consensus of appreciation in favour of "Antipon," the newly discovered specific for the Permanent Care of Corpulence. It has been universally welcomed. Many eminent medical men, specially requested to report upon the efficacy and quality of the ingredients of "Antipon," have been unanimous in their praise, and have pronounced it of the utmost value and entirely harmless to the most delicate person. In "Antipon" the world possesses at last a radical and lasting cure for obesity, which is not only a disease in itself but one that causes others. "Antipon" has a special action possessed by no other remedy in anything like the same degree. Whilst rapidly absorbing and eliminating the excessive fat, both internal and subcutaneous, it acts as a marvellous tonic, increasing strength, renewing vitality, bracing up the nervous system, and giving back the energy of youth, together with elegance of figure and grace of movement. **Stoutness of Years' Standing in Either Sex** can be positively and permanently cured by a comparatively short course of "Antipon." Within a day and a night of taking the first dose there is a proved reduction varying from 8 oz. to 3 lb., succeeded by a steady daily diminution of weight until all superfluous fat is destroyed and normal proportions are regained. The cure is then complete and lasting, and the doses may be discontinued without fear of the fat re-developing. No drastic rules as to food and drink are required. The appetite, greatly improved by the tonic properties of "Antipon," must be fully satisfied, so that healthy muscular tissue may take the place of the flabby muscle from which the fatty infiltrations have been driven. "Antipon" has a marked tonic effect upon the digestive organs, perfecting the digestive process, and thus preventing the accumulation of waste undigested matter in the system. "Antipon" is an agreeable liquid, non-mineral preparation of a wine-like appearance, and is taken without the slightest discomfort or inconvenience. Permanent elegance and sounder health are the priceless gifts conferred by a short and economical course of "Antipon."

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Penny Illustrated Paper says:—In  
"ANTIPON" The world is made richer by a marvellous discovery.

# Varieties

## Indian Words in American Speech

THE following words are some of those which common speech in America owes to the Red Indians: Chipmunk, hickory, hominy, menhaden, moccasin, moose, mugwump, musquash, pemmican, persimmon, papoose, pone, porgy, possum, pow-wow, raccoon, samp, skunk, squash, squaw, succotash, Tammany, tautog, terrapin, toboggan, tomahawk, totem, wigwam, woodchuck.

## How Nerve Energy is Wasted

MANY people needlessly and recklessly waste their nerve energy. They drum the chair or the desk with their fingers, or tap the floor with their toes. They hold their hands. They sit in a rocking-chair and rock for very dear life. If they go up-stairs they make the whole body do the work that was intended only for the legs. If they write or sew they get down to it with vengeance, and contract their brows and wrinkle their foreheads and grind their teeth.

If they have an unusual task to do they screw and contract and contort every muscle of the body, making themselves tense and rigid all over, when the work perhaps required but one set of muscles or perhaps the mind only, as the case may be.

Wasting nerve energy. Frittering it away. Little things, to be sure. But little things have a way of adding themselves up into big things.—*Medical Talk*.

## Sweetbreads

SWEETBREADS had no value formerly and were often thrown away as worthless, but with the increasing demand for them they have become correspondingly expensive and are now a luxury. Besides the fact that they are delicate in flavour, easily prepared, and may be presented in many dainty and delicious forms, they are invaluable as an addition to the dietary of the sick or convalescent, on account of their easy digestibility. They are at their best during the spring and summer, when they are also most plentiful and cheap. Although we speak of sweetbreads as a pair, in reality there is but one sweetbread, consisting of two parts connected by a short membrane. The round, compact part is called the heart sweetbread, from its position. The other, or elongated part, which, from its position below the throat, is called the throat sweetbread, is not as delicate, being neither so fat nor so firm. Therefore when sweetbread is found separated in market, avoid buying two of the throat sweetbreads.

## Prescott was not Blind

PRESCOtt was known as "the blind historian"; and the tradition that he was totally blind became early fixed and almost impossible

to dislodge. Maria Edgeworth sighed over the "poor man," on the supposition that he was entirely without sight. *The Edinburgh Review*, in its notice of *The Conquest of Mexico*, spoke of the writer as having "been blind several years." "The next thing," wrote Prescott in his journal, "I shall hear of a subscription set on foot for the blind Yankee author." At about the same time he wrote to Colonel Aspinwall, "I can't say I like to be called blind. I have, it is true, but one eye; but that has done me some service, and with fair usage will, I trust, do me some more." But in spite of all his explanations the world went on believing that Prescott was, as he humorously protested that he was not, "high-gravel blind." . . . The truth is, that Prescott always had precarious vision in one eye, which he was able to use only with extreme caution and for but short periods at a time; and even so, frequent intervals of complete blindness fell upon him with the recurrence of his disease. The oculists of the day assured him of the sufficiency of his one feeble eye for all the ordinary purposes of life, provided he would give up his literary labours. But he quietly refused to pay the price.—*The Atlantic*.

## Astronomical Notes for July

THE Earth will be in aphelion, or at its greatest distance from the Sun, a little after midnight on the 4th inst. The Sun will rise on the 1st in the latitude of Greenwich at 3h. 49m. in the morning, and set at 8h. 18m. in the evening; on the 11th he will rise at 3h. 57m. and set at 8h. 12m., and on the 21st rise at 4h. 9m. and set at 8h. 3m. The Moon's phases for the month will be as follows: Last Quarter at 10h. 54m. on the night of the 5th; New at 5h. 27m. on the morning of the 13th; First Quarter at 8h. 49m. on the evening of the 19th; and Full at 9h. 42m. on the morning of the 27th. She will be in apogee, or furthest from the Earth, about half-past 5 o'clock on the morning of the 3rd; in perigee, or nearest us, about a quarter-past 4 on that of the 15th; and in apogee again a little after 8 o'clock on the evening of the 30th. No eclipses or other special phenomena of importance are due this month. The planet Mercury will be at superior conjunction with the Sun on the 9th. Venus will also be at superior conjunction with him on the 8th, and will not be visible this month. Mars also is not visible, his apparent place being too near that of the Sun. Jupiter moves during the month from the constellation Pisces into Aries, rising between 11 and 12 o'clock at night; he will be in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 7th. Saturn is in the constellation Aquarius, near its boundary with Capricornus, and rises between 9 and 10 o'clock in the evening.—W. T. LYNN.



## Women's Interests

### Helpers and Helped

THERE is one feature in present-day history that is as distinctive as it is hopeful, that is the general interest which the well-to-do section of the community takes in the condition both of the poor and of the handicapped. One is proud to be a human being, when one recognises what other human beings are doing, without thought of self, without expectation of reward—indeed with some certainty of disfavour—to roll away the burden of misery and difficulty that has pressed and still presses on multitudes. There is not a point where the individual or the community suffers injury that some other individual is not working with steady energy to uproot and overthrow the evil. Some time ago an objector seriously advanced the argument that when everything that is wrong has been righted, every sinner has been cleansed and every sufferer has been healed, there will be nothing further to effect and the world will inevitably lapse into a condition of indolent and unprogressive serenity. But as long as one generation passeth away and another cometh there will be battles to fight and mental worlds to conquer. Each child is born a heathen with the potentialities of the savage, and each individual has to light his own taper at the centre of light, and carry it as steadily as he can among the winds that blow. Wisdom does not come by inheritance, but each generation can increase the facilities for its acquisition.

The very poor made the first appeal, and they are helped first. The workhouses were the earliest effort of the strong to aid the weak. But the reluctantly aroused conscience moves heavily and grudgingly, the gift we yield only to importunity is too often flung in the suppliant's face. What the nation hated to give the officials hated to administer and the recipients to accept. The costly poor law system has never been a success. But it will be vitalised too one day, the monster will acquire a soul. Then the deserving but unfortunate poor will be known to have rights which they shall be able to claim with dignity, and the wastrel will be recognised as entitled in some measure to better development, and the idler will be compelled to accept his human obligations and to recoup by his labour the institution that relieves his necessities. Parliament is to be offered a Bill during the present Session for the placing of the Casual Ward system of Relief under the control of the Salvation Army, so that an organisation which judges each human being by his potentialities and not by his past shall be left to replace a costly and unproductive method of dealing with the loafer by an inexpensive and redemptive one.

For the respectable homeless working-man the Rowton Houses or Poor Man's Hotels proved an incalculable blessing, while the promoter unexpectedly found in them a sound financial investment. For 6d. per night the man who earns his living by one of London's many precarious industries may have a bed, a bath if desired, the use of the fire for cooking his food, and the use of the dining-room in which to eat it, and of a reading-room in which to sit and study the evening papers. If he pays by the week, each inmate can secure his bed and other accommodation, including the locker in which he can place his few possessions under lock and key. The Rowton Hotels have been so extensively and regularly patronised, that from the beginning a five per cent. interest has been available on the original outlay. Other hotels, including some for women, are in course of construction on the same principle, that of giving the most that is possible for the customers' money.

What hospitals are doing for the suffering poor is too well known to call for comment. Accidents of childhood, physical defects due to ignorance and neglect, are

treated free of cost at multitudes of centres throughout the kingdom, many of the most distinguished medical men placing their services at the disposal of all who need them. Doubtless the hospital system is abused, and many people, in no way entitled to rank as objects of charity, accept free hospital treatment; but no system can be guaranteed against trespass, certain tares grow in all wheatfields and have to be tolerated.

To the working class the County Councils render yeoman's service, indeed it is possible that their consideration for the

working-man's comfort may in time lay serious burdens on property owners, who already consider themselves more than sufficiently taxed. What the London County Council is doing to solve the housing problem is deserving of the highest praise. The workmen's dwellings, recently opened in Westminster, combine some of the domestic advantages more than once indicated as desirable by the writer of these columns. The dwellings afford, over some three hundred and five feet of frontage, accommodation for sixteen hundred inmates. Had these tenements taken the form of small houses they would

## Women's Interests

have run into half-a-mile of street. The dwellings consist of sets of two rooms, of three rooms, and in fourteen cases of four rooms for large families, while there are forty-four single rooms for the occupation of the solitary man or woman. Each living-room has a stove, a ventilated cupboard for the storage of food, and a capacious dresser. Every bedroom has a stove and a hanging cupboard for clothes. When it is remembered that myriads of working-class people resort to the pawnshop every Monday morning simply because they have no accommodation at home for their Sunday dress, the boon afforded by the hanging cupboards will be duly appreciated. The basement of each house contains a series of bathrooms available gratuitously to the tenants, certain hours being reserved for men and other hours for women. Every floor has a laundry fitted with a drying-room, so that all possible facilities are afforded for cleanliness both of the person and the clothing. These dwellings are reserved for people whose work is in the district and to whom time is very important. People whose work begins later in the day have more time for journeying backwards and forwards, and these are advised to seek suburban residence. Sub-letting will not be permitted, so that the large household which can afford to rent four rooms must reserve them for themselves. If working people are not thankful for practical consideration of this kind, they ought to be, though the true philanthropist aspires only to the end of social benefit, and has no thought or expectation of gratitude or reward.

\* \* \* \* \*

A more difficult class to reach with benefits is the genteel poor, impoverished ladies, broken-down gentlemen, especially where these are growing old and are absolutely destitute. Not only God, but man is willing to help those ready to help themselves. But when the time and the opportunity have passed, I fear little is possible but private appeals to philanthropic individuals. I could tell many tales, sometimes piteous, sometimes not wholly devoid of elements of sad humour, of cases I have known, of people fighting destiny with the few poor facilities left them. I knew one well-educated and gentlemanly-looking elderly man who first introduced himself as having missed the last train to his destination, and having spent his last available coin on his supper. He was full of apologies for his stupidity in not having brought more money from home. That was the beginning of an acquaintance kept up through protracted stages of personal dilapidation. Twice he had cards printed with fictitious names. On one he called himself Earl something or other, on another he awarded himself an obviously and patently bogus professional qualification. His visits, first of monthly occurrence, became ultimately bi-weekly, and finally ended just before a particularly bleak and bitter Christmas Eve. I do not think he was a drunkard, and he had been a well-educated man. Sometimes police magistrates say of prisoners brought before them, that the conditions of their existence preclude the possibility of any industry but theft; other dreflects on the sea of prosperity have no option but to beg; if they only beg of the well-to-do, where is the harm? It is when they repeatedly appeal to the struggling that the condition becomes poignant.

\* \* \* \* \*

There are many kinds of aid available for the possessors of a little money. I know a charming set of little houses built in a picturesque country place by a benevolent lady, and available for the happy possessor of £60 per annum, who, being of good birth and education, is economical enough to afford herself a servant out of that little income. The fortunate one obtains a pretty house of four rooms adjacent to a good garden which is available for all the houses; she has coals and gas allowed her, and such share of the produce of the common garden as falls to her lot. The remainder of her own and the servant's food, as well as her clothing and the servant's wages, her income is expected to provide. I am under the impression that £100 per annum is the maximum income; and one possessing more is considered able to wholly provide for herself.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Women's Work in the Royal Academy

One of the outstanding pictures of the year is "Timber Hauling in the New Forest," by Lucy Kemp-Welch. Not only the subject, which gives to huge horses a prominent place on the canvas, but the virility of the treatment recalls Rosa Bonheur. That a woman should attempt so ambitious a subject on a scale so extensive is fully justified by the excellence of the result. Two other members of this gifted family are also exhibitors in this year's show at Burlington House. "A Whaling Wharf," by Nellie M. Fairpoint, is another of the subjects usually left to or annexed by the male sex. This is also a notable picture, though without the memorable qualities that pertain to Miss Welch's work.

"Verlaine's Friend," by Sophie Pemberton, is not merely a portrait, it is a picture full of suggestion and beauty. In portraiture women are very successful this year. Mary L. Waller, Beasie Rendall, Jessie MacGregor, Annie E. Spong,

Lucy Gee, Alice Grant, Marianne Stokes and Agnes M. Corveson are well represented. Beatrice Bright gives a very striking presentation of Mr. F. Dempster Smith as Richelieu. No visitor to Gallery III. will miss the pseudo cardinal's red robe. But did Richelieu ever wear a moustache, and if not, should either artist or subject assent to such an appendage?

Most of the flower pictures are exhibited by women. Katherine Johnson sends "Lilac," Agnes M. Veness shows "Violets," E. Margaret Woolhouse "Chrysanthemums," and R. C. Green "Pink Roses"; Miss Vena Jannoch has two flower pieces, "Briar Roses" and "Anemones"; R. Willes-Madox has also two pictures in the same genre, "Dahlias" and "In the Garden of Roses." The artist's name is without prefix, but one may venture to assert that if it were there, it would be Miss. The painter of "Firs and Furze" is in one instance given as Anna McLean and in another as Alec McLean. As there are two pictures there may be two people, though there is only one address.

In miniatures women are to the front. Viscountess Maitland sends three miniatures, one of Princess Mary of Wales; Alyn Williams contributes one of Queen Alexandra, Gertrude Massey paints the two elder boys of the Prince of Wales as well as Princess Mary, M. Emalie has three miniatures, Winifred H. Thomson three, Gertrude K. Hutchinson three, Lucy A. Stratton three, Maud Mair three, Annie F. Shenton four, and a multitude of others two miniatures, and one.

Among the water-colours there is also a great deal of women's work, much of it excellent. In the central hall the sculptured group, "The Messenger of Death," is by Miss Edith C. Maryon, and a bust is by Miss Mary C. Buzzard. In the lecture-room women exhibit statuettes, medallions, plaques, miniatures in wax, reliefs and several busts, one of which, that of Miss Rose Gough, by Edith C. Maryon, is unusually attractive. It is in water-colour painting that the larger proportion of women seem to take a foremost place, but Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch's picture in oils proves woman's right to aspire where she will in art.

### Topics for Debate

One of the weekly papers recently debated the question, Should Women Emigrate? These discussions, in which the individual is privately, and the community publicly invited to take part, always sound like a cry of distress. Do the daily papers lack news and advertisements sufficient to fill their columns, straightway some trivial mind, generally that of a woman, it is grievous to say, is invited to think out a subject likely to aggravate a considerable section of the community, and to argue on this like a partisan. Then follows annually the tearing to pieces of such a theme as—"Are Women in Every Way Inferior to Men, or, in moral matters are they equal with them?" "Should a Woman be granted a Dress Allowance?" "Is Marriage Failure?" "Should Every Woman be ensured a Dowry at Birth?" "Are Women as Foolish as they Look?" These are infuriating topics, and can be written on by one or another till Parliament re-opens. Next come the silly symposiums, "Can Women Love more than Once?" "What is the Best Career for a Woman?" "Ought we to start a Matrimonial Bureau?" These topics have actually been discussed in monthly magazines devoted to the culture and entertainment of the female sex. Then come the debates that simply bore: "Should Women turn out their Toes?" "Should Women marry Men Younger than Themselves? Should They Emigrate? Take Physical Exercise? Love their Enemy's Son?" It all depends on special circumstances and individual traits of course, and such problems interest nobody and do no good to anybody or anything. The woman capable of making her way alone in a strange land is too valuable at home to be readily dispensed with. When women are capable beyond the opportunities that await them at home, they will do well to seek a more suitable groove, but if they are valuable units England has need of them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Women who think of emigration to the colonies, whether of Australia, Canada, South Africa or elsewhere, may take for granted that it is the robust woman, proficient in practical industries, that will be welcome there, and that the clinging creature who wants to be well-treated and taken care of, has a much better chance of establishing herself among the amenities of home. Multitudes of middle-class women are beginning to understand that domestic work is one of the permanent certainties of life, and a good many have shown their willingness to take a practical share in it. Such periodicals as *Women's Employment* contain advertisements in every issue from lady cooks, lady housemaids, lady nurses. These would do well did they emigrate, but they will do better at home, and England has need of them.

VERITY.

Letters regarding "Women's Interests" to be addressed to—*Verity*, c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouvier Street, London, E.C.



## The Fireside Club

### POSIES FROM POETRY

#### II

1. "Frail snowdrops that together cling."
2. "Myriads of daisies."
3. "A yellow primrose."
4. "The periwinkle trailed its wreaths."
5. "The spring's first rose."
6. "The last autumnal crocus."

*From what author's works are these gathered?  
Trace each. A prize of the value of Five Shillings  
awarded for the first correct answer.*

### SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTICS

#### Last of Nine

#### WHOLE

Who, against all *his* pocket interests, wished to be  
Upright, and all men else upright as he,  
Forsaking ill with unanimity?

1. Never alive, *he* died in mimic show  
To teach the guilty what they feared to know.
2. Sharper than sword *his* cunning to the end  
Of championing and venging his great friend.
3. *He* wooed, all unaware, the maid he loved.
4. A minorite *he*, a would-be peacemaker.
5. *He* played the fool in tenderest craft of wisdom.
6. *Who* thought a woman could not write  
Words darker to the mind than to the sight?

Observe that the above lines are not quotations.  
Find the words and passages referred to. Final scores in this competition will appear in September.  
Answers to the above must be received by the 15th inst.

### ON OUR BOOK TABLE

Books noticed: PAUL FOUNTAIN'S *Great North-West*, Longmans, 10s. 6d. ANDREW MARVELL'S *Poems and Satires*, Methuen. ELLEN GLASGOW'S *The Deliverance*, Constable, 6s. MRS. LAING'S *Borderlanders*, Dent and Co., 3s. 6d. THOMAS A KEMPIS' *Prayers and Meditations on the Life of Christ*, 5s. and *The Life of Col. Hutchison* (Dryden House Memoirs), 3s. 6d., both from Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co.; etc., etc.

With *The Great North-West*, Mr. Paul Fountain completes his trilogy of travel, and it is no small praise to say that this last volume is as soundly written and full of interest as were the two first. It is worthy of a place in such a limited library as that enumerated by him, in the camp of some twenty Scotch and French-Canadian lumberers, with whom he spent a winter. "There were four books only in camp," he writes; "the Bible, Oliver

Twist, *The Heart of Midlothian*, and *Valentine Vox*, and these four were re-read to the assembled toilers several times before the winter was over, for the evenings were long; and in so great reverence were they held that any man who had ventured to tear a leaf from one of them from which to light his pipe, would have been in some danger of being lynched.

A long-wanted and most desirable volume of the Little Library contains the *Poems and Satires* of Andrew Marvell. Here was a man of parts, and these vigorous and many. Time has not staled the humour of his *Character of Holland*, or dimmed the beauty of *The Garden*, or falsified the religious feeling of his *Analogy of the Soul*, that exquisite little poem beginning—

"See how the orient dew  
Shed from the bosom of the morn  
Into the blowing roses,  
Yet careless of its mansion new,  
For the clear region where 'twas born,  
Round in itself incloses;  
And in its little globe's extent  
Frames as it can, its native element."

In *The Deliverance* we have the long love-story of a poor man and a rich woman set against a picturesque and well-drawn background of life on Virginian tobacco-fields and farms. The man has a strong nature, so fettered by poverty that he ceases to care for great things, and occupies his thoughts in contriving and fostering a mean revenge against his enemy. From this bondage to evil aims that enemy's grand-daughter delivers him—her love sets him free from the yoke of resentful pride as her travelled wisdom convinces him that the limitations he chafes under are not necessarily hurtful. When he asks what things really count in life, she answers, "I think it is the things one learns, the places in which we take root and grow, and the people who teach us what is really worth while, who teach us patience and charity." A well-planned and well-written story.

In *The Borderlanders*, while Mrs. Laing makes good the promise of her earlier book, *The Wizard's Aunt*, in development of style and power of characterisation, she does not, we think, show as much power of artistic selection in her work as might be expected. She wastes much clever execution on poor material, and lacks the unerring eye for what will make a good picture which is indispensable to success in writing fiction. *The Borderlanders* dwell on the borderland between mental sanity and insanity, in a haze of delusion often grotesque, more often sad. The book is a realistic study of disease, and for that very reason it is not pleasant reading.

Although several English translations have before

## The Fireside Club

now appeared, of Thomas à Kempis' *Prayers and Meditations on the Life of Christ*, it is an unknown book as compared with his *Imitation of Christ*. For the sake of the latter, religious readers will study this book with interest. It is much more subjective in form, and suggests in places a religious enervation, resulting from the cloistered life, from which the *Imitation* is singularly free. Dr. Duthoit, the learned translator, in his introduction gives an interesting sketch of the life of Thomas à Kempis. He was born in 1380. As a school-boy at Deventer in Utrecht, he came under the good influence of Florentius Radewyn, head of the "Brotherhood of the Common Life" there. Its members, though not bound by perpetual vows, agreed to live in obedience and chastity, to have everything in common, to earn their own livelihood, and to spend their leisure in works of charity and in prayer. Thomas (in whose own words what follows is recorded) "marked well and rejoiced in their devout life and conversation, so full of love towards God and their fellow-men. Living in the world, they were altogether unworldly. They were of one heart and mind in God." Then he prettily narrates a little incident, making it as vivid to us now, after more than five centuries, as when it first impressed and sobered his childish mind. "Master John Boëme, Rector of the school, was also choir-master; and by his orders I used to sing in the choir along with my school-fellows. Whenever I saw my patron Florentius standing in the choir, his mere presence, even though he did not look about, filled me with such awe that I did not dare to chatter. . . . It happened once, as I was near him in the choir, that he turned to the book and joined us in singing. Being close behind me, he put his hands on my shoulders; and I stood like a statue, scarcely daring to move, so overcome was I by the great honour he had done me." Throughout his long monastic life à Kempis was a laborious and beautiful copyist of the Bible, and

many other books. His favourite motto is said to have been, "I sought for rest, but found it not, save in a little corner with a little book." He died in 1471, in his ninety-second year.

This initial volume of the Dryden House Memoirs, a well-got-up series in pleasant type, is *The Life of Colonel Hutchison*, by his wife Lucy, a book which needs no introduction to lovers of good reading, although the *Life* has for some time been scarce and difficult to get. Written in the English of Bunyan's days, it describes with naïve charm the courtship of the authoress by her hero, who first fell in love with her by repute, she tells us, for having written a song which had "something of rationality in it beyond the customary reach of a she-witt." The Colonel was "no man's secretary," and held his own course between violent partisans, being coldly received when he first joined the Parliamentary party because he did not use their religious phraseology nor crop his hair. One of those who signed the death warrant of King Charles, he yet was so aloof from and critical of Cromwell that he held no office under the Protectorate, and finally died a prisoner in 1664.

Also received : E. H. COOPER'S *Sent to the Rescue*, Ward, Lock and Co., 3s. 6d. REV. D. WHINCUP'S *Training of Life*, 2s., seven excellent sermons on the Pilgrim's Progress, and MRS. THOMAS' *Early History of Israel*, 2s. 6d., an illustrated and readable handbook, both from Longmans. *Dictionary of Hygiene*, Kingzett and Homfray, 2s. 6d. F. TYRRELL-GILL'S *Turner*, 2s. 6d., one of Messrs. Methuen's little Books on Art, well illustrated, and with unusually full data in its letterpress. Tennyson's *Poems from 1830 to 1859*. Newnes' thin paper Classics, 3s. 6d.; a really wonderful volume for its small bulk and cost, containing five-sixths of Tennyson's poetry, in clear type and pocketable form.

## The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

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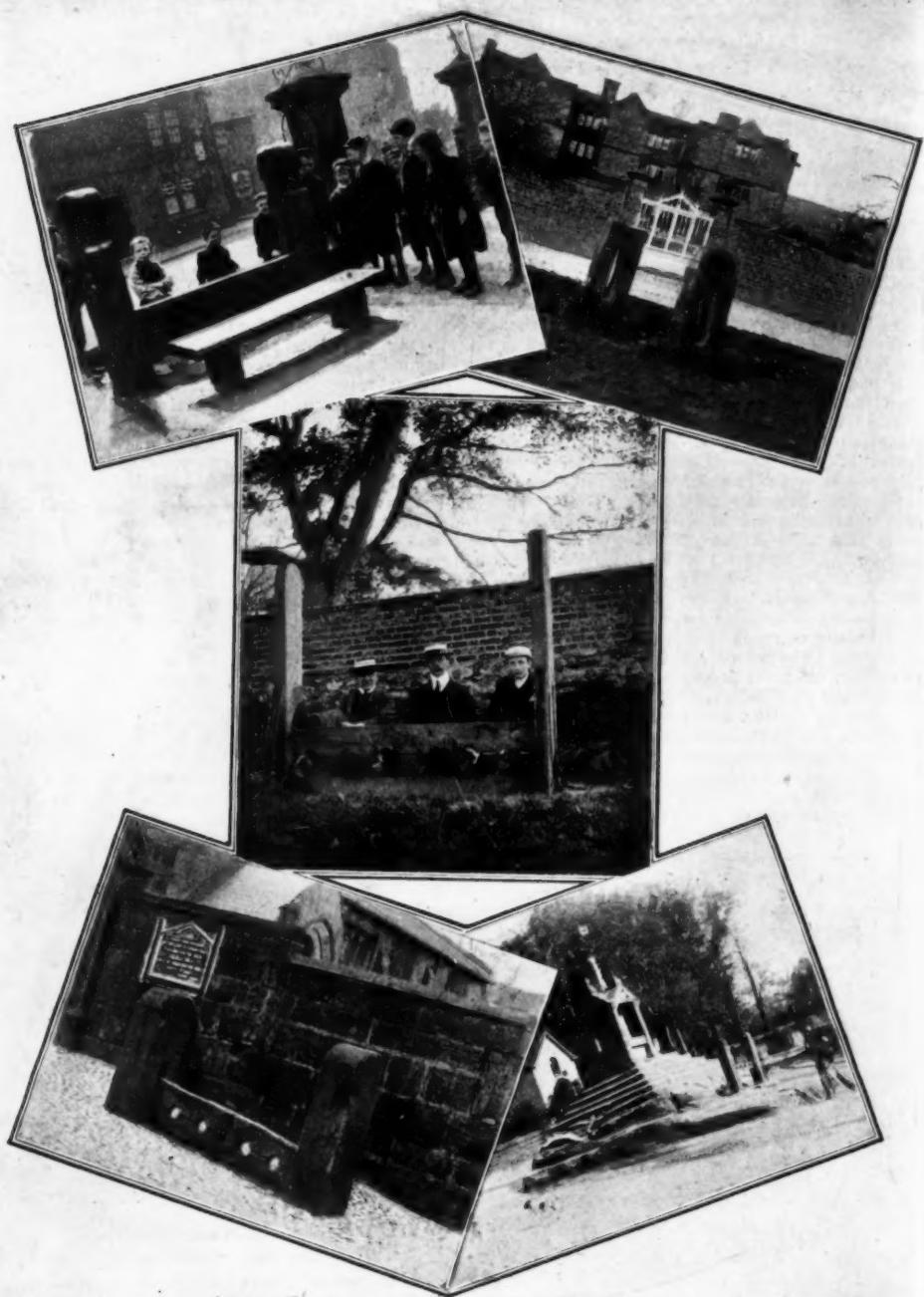
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All other particulars, together with Lists 1 and 2 of the Puzzle Journeys, will be found on pp. 602 and 697.

Answers to the above questions must be sent in to the Editor of *The Leisure Hour*, 4 Bouvierie Street, London, E.C., not later than August 1st. The coupon to be found on the Contents page must be affixed. The word "Bradshaw" must be written outside envelope.



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# Our Chess Page

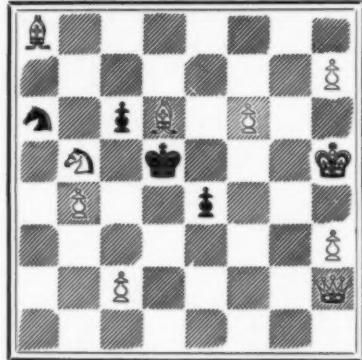
## Summer Solving Turney Problems

We are offering **Three Guineas** in prizes for the best sets of solutions of problems to be published during the months June, July, and August, 1904. For conditions see page 703.

Here are three more problems, solutions of which, together with those of Nos. A and B, must be sent in by August 1st.

These problems are also included in the Competition for the Gold and Silver Medals offered in February last. (See page 348.)

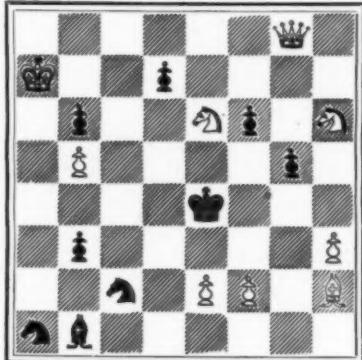
C  
Indian Prince  
BLACK—4 MEN



WHITE—10 MEN

White to play and mate in three moves.

D  
Marc Antony  
BLACK—9 MEN



WHITE—9 MEN

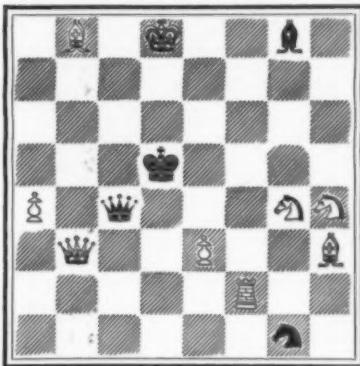
White to play and mate in three moves.

### SOLUTIONS (Key moves only).

Problems Nos. 11 to 17.

- No. 11. Q—Kt 5.
- “ 12. R—KB 5.
- “ 13. R—K Kt sq.
- “ 14. Kt—B 3. (This problem has called forth much admiration.)
- “ 15. Q—Q B 7.
- “ 16. K—B 7.
- “ 17. R—B 6.

E  
“ Bright Spark ”  
BLACK—4 MEN



WHITE—9 MEN

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solutions received from—

H. BALSON and A. WATSON (Nos. 11—17); F. W. ATCHINSON (11—15); E. ATFIELD (11—13); COL. FORBES (11, 13, 14, 15<sup>1</sup>); E. T. GEORGE (12 and 13); A. J. HEAD (11, 13, 14, 15); H. W. HOLLAND (13—15); W. MEARS (11—13); PERCY OSBORN (12—17); JOHN A. ROBERTS (9—17); R. G. THOMSON (11—15); E. THOMPSTONE (12—15); J. D. TUCKER (11—15); ROGER J. WRIGHT (11—15).

Several solvers gave Q—K B 4 as the key to No. 11, overlooking the fact that it is defeated by Kt—Kt 4 ch. The problem deserves all the commendation bestowed upon it, and perhaps rather more.

A correspondent kindly informs us that problem No. 11 (March) was composed by Mr. F. M. Teed, of New York, and No. 13 was by Mr. H. F. L. Meyer.

<sup>1</sup> By, doubtless, a clerical error an impossible key was given to No. 12.

MRS. BAIRD'S RETRACTORS.

Solution to No. 4.

White R was on Q 6 replace R.

Black K was on Q 5 and × P on K 3, replace K and P.

and play black K—B 4.

Then R × R dis Mate.

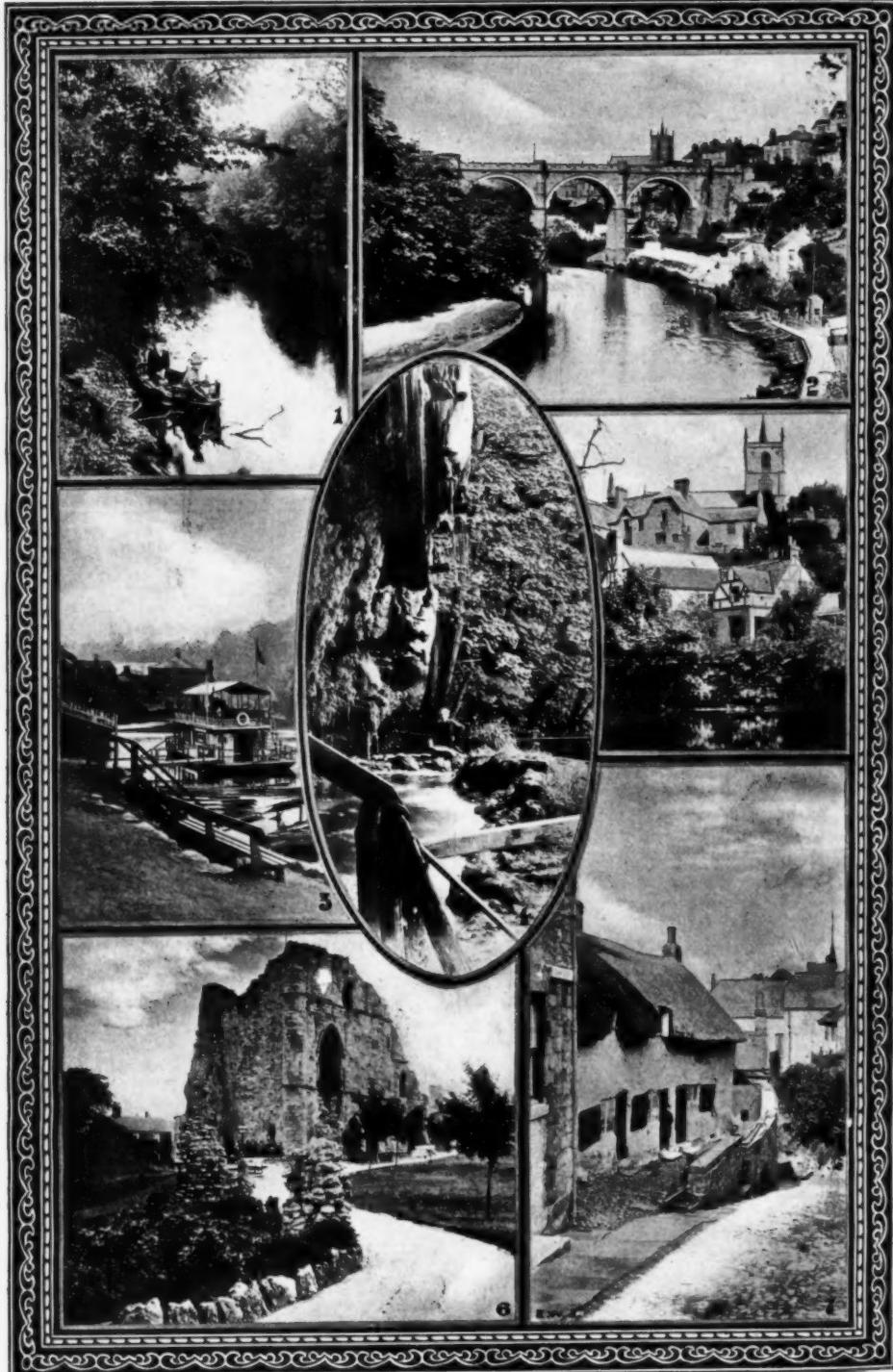
Solutions received for No. 3. Prize winner:—H. HOSEY DAVIS, 143 Sefton Park Road, Bristol.

The next in order of time were from PERCY OSBORN and J. D. TUCKER, and later correct solutions from—F. W. ATCHINSON, H. BALSON, J. CHADWICK, COLONEL FORBES, GEO. M. NORMAN, BASIL SPOONER, E. THOMPSTONE, R. G. THOMSON, A. WATSON, JAS. WHITE, E. J. WINTER-WOOD, REV. ROGER J. WRIGHT.

No. 4. Up to going to press, correct solutions have been received from—H. BALSON, J. CHADWICK, H. HOSEY DAVIS, JOHN A. ROBERTS, JAS. WHITE, E. J. WINTER-WOOD, REV. ROGER J. WRIGHT.

Mrs. Baird has very kindly sent us a further batch of retractors which will afford the subject for another Competition. The first will appear next month.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouvier Street, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. Competition entries must be accompanied by the Eisteddfod Ticket from the Contents page.



*Photos by*

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*E. W. Jackson*

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SECRETARY AND GENERAL MANAGER.

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